

The Outlook

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Is the President So Far Wrong, After All?

SENATOR NORRIS, of Nebraska, has made good his threat—or promise—to spring a sensation in connection with the United States Tariff Commission. He has done it by charging on the floor of the Senate that President Coolidge, “under his peculiar effort to control independent Governmental commissions, is violating the law of the land.”

What Senator Norris charged, specifically, is that the President has required certain appointees to give him signed resignations before they receive their commissions. He sees in this an apparent direct effort to influence appointees.

Senator Norris declared that when David J. Lewis was given a recess appointment as a member of the Tariff Commission the President asked for his resignation in advance, that Lewis declined to give it, and told the President to tear up his commission. This, however, was not done. Senator Norris believes that it was not done because the incident occurred during the last Presidential campaign. But he points out the fact that Mr. Lewis was not reappointed at the end of the recess period. He says that practically the same thing occurred in connection with the recess appointment of B. E. Haney as a member of the Shipping Board.

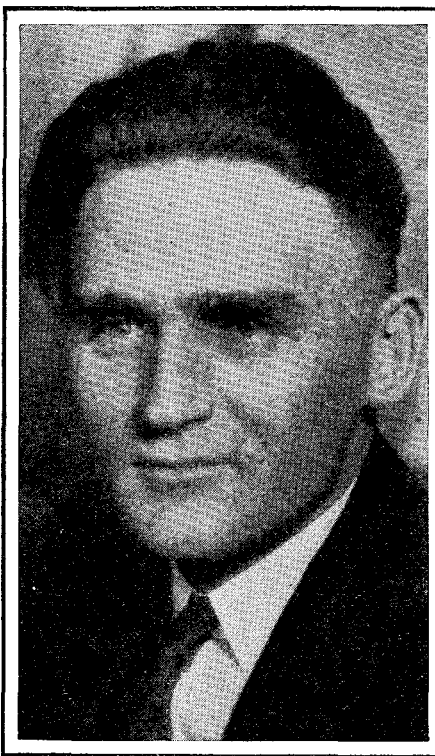
Senator Norris has asked the Senate to order an investigation of the Tariff Commission and the manner in which “the President has misconstrued not alone the letter but the spirit of the law and has used his high office to influence its procedure and decisions.”

This is a one-sided statement, and has been, and should be, received by the public as such. No statement in refutation of the charge has as yet been made. The assumption of Senator Norris, moreover, that Congress can Constitutionally impair the executive power by creating commissions independent of the President is at least subject to question. The Constitution vests the executive power without qualification in the President. Congress has no right to encroach upon

that power either directly or indirectly. Senator Norris has yet to prove that his charges are not based on a theory of Congressional meddlesomeness.

What Is a Senator?

By the remarkably close vote of forty-one to thirty-nine, the Senate of the United States seated Gerald P. Nye as Senator from North Dakota. There was a serious question, never answered, as to



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Senator Gerald P. Nye

whether or not he was legally appointed. He was designated by the Governor of North Dakota to fill out an unexpired term, but there is not on the statute-books of that State any law directly authorizing the Governor to make such an appointment. There is a law giving him the power to make appointments for unexpired terms in State offices. The question, therefore, turned on the point of whether or not a United States Senator is a State or a Federal officer.

Here is a question as old as the Government under the Constitution. Originally, Senators were regarded, and regarded themselves, as State officers. Indeed, a Senator was supposed to be a sort of ambassador from his State to Washington and, for a time, the office

was not held in particularly high regard. More than one Senator resigned this, a State office, to accept election as Representative, a Federal office. As time went on, however, the general conception changed. The office came to be coveted as no other, except that of President, was coveted and to be regarded as a Federal office of the highest rank. Though the Senate lost long since some large part of its grandeur, this conception of the office of Senator has persisted.

Queerly enough, there is no clear decision by the Supreme Court of the United States as to whether a Senator is, in fact, a State or a Federal officer. Such decisions as there are seem to indicate that he may be the one for one purpose and the other for another purpose. The decision in the Burton case appears to hold that he is a State officer, and that in the Lamar case that he is a Federal officer. With this dearth of precedent and authority, the Senate approached the question of Nye's right to a seat.

For some time the conclusion was accepted as foregone that Mr. Nye would not be seated. Indeed, nobody was prepared to say that his appointment was legal. On the other hand, nobody was prepared to prove that it was illegal. Those who, guided by what there was of precedent and authority, finally voted to seat him did so with grave doubt, and those who voted against seating him did so with doubt equally grave. A bare majority, as the event showed, resolved the doubt in favor of the right of the Governor to appoint. Perhaps it is nearer the truth to say that, in the absence of clear authority, they resolved it in favor of the right of the State to full representation in the Senate. This, at least, is the ground on which Senator Borah justified his vote, and he thinks that most of those who voted with him did so for the same reason.

It may be that, with many Senators on both sides, political considerations weighed more heavily than would be admitted, more heavily than was realized even by the Senators themselves. While Nye is nominally a Republican, he is known to be not of the regular order. It is hardly to be thought that any consid-

erable number of Senators consciously voted either to maintain the Republican majority or to diminish it by one. But, with so little to guide them either way, the political factor may have been the determining factor as to how the really insoluble doubt was to be broken down.

The question of whether a Senator is or is not a State officer remains undetermined, except as this action may become a precedent in the affirmative.

Politicians Will Be Politicians

THE fact that the Democrats feel themselves hard put to it to manufacture issues for next fall's Congressional campaign is responsible for much that has occurred recently in Congress. More of the same kind is doubtless in store.

The most notable instance is the effort led by Senator Simmons, of North Carolina, to substitute in the Senate Finance Committee another tax bill for the one passed by the House in a commendable non-partisan spirit.

The idea back of this effort was that the Democrats were to make a demonstration and then "go to the country" with the plea that they were anxious to give the taxpayers a more liberal reduction of taxes than the Republicans gave them—five hundred million against three hundred and twenty million. The Simmons Bill was defeated, of course, in Committee and the plan for concerted effort for it on the floor of the Senate has apparently been abandoned.

Similar ammunition was manufactured at about the same time in the House, where the Democrats voted solidly against approval of the Italian debt settlement. Doubtless there was genuine dissatisfaction on the part of many Democratic Representatives with the terms of that settlement, but there is good party thunder in the contention that if the Republican Administration had got the sort of debt settlements that it should have stood out for the taxes of American citizens could have been more gratifyingly reduced without exceeding the Treasury surplus.

Perhaps there was something of the same motive behind the support by Democratic Senators of the resolution seating Gerald P. Nye as a Senator from North Dakota. This is the one outstanding incident which has seemed to indicate, at this session, a Democratic-Progressive coalition. Both Democrats

and radicals had a political interest in having it appear that the Republican organization would deprive a Senator of his seat rather than decrease the somewhat slender Republican majority by one.

Unfortunately, minorities in Congress have not ordinarily been above practices the purposes of which were mainly political. It is not a fault peculiar to the Democrats. Republicans, when they have been in the minority, have done similar things. That, however, does not change the fact that the Democrats have just now a most excellent opportunity to be a constructive minority and that they are jeopardizing it—even in political effect—by "playing politics."

Common Sense in the Senate

IN spite of the efforts of some politicians to play politics, the Democrats of the Senate have allowed common sense and public opinion to rule in framing the Senate Tax Bill. Indeed, the Senate Finance Committee by unanimous agreement on the Tax Bill has placed to its credit a non-partisan achievement only a little less notable than that of the House Ways and Means Committee. The ten Republicans and the seven Democrats voted together to report favorably all provisions of the bill as finally drafted.

The Senate bill differs from the House bill in some particulars. It provides for a somewhat greater reduction in total taxes than the House bill, and particularly a greater reduction in surtaxes on salaries between \$28,000 and \$100,000.

It would repeal the inheritance tax, the capital-stock tax, stamp taxes on Custom-House entries and withdrawals, and on steamship-passage tickets; it would increase certain other taxes; and would restore the alcohol levies which the House voted to cut in half.

But, on the whole, the two bills are much nearer together than were those of the last Congress, and the prospect remains, as it was early in the session, for much less trouble in reaching final adjustment.

While the Tax Bill was licked into shape in the Finance Committee of the Senate and the World Court debate dragged along on the floor the House was busy with the foreign debts settlements. A real fight developed on the Italian settlement, but it ended, after only three days of debate, with a sub-

stantial majority for approval. The settlements with Belgium, Rumania, Latvia, Esthonia, and Czechoslovakia were approved without opposition or loss of time.

Compromising Taxes

THE special committee of the Senate which investigated the Internal Revenue Bureau has reported that the Income Tax Unit has made improper allowances to taxpayers in the sum of \$210,655,360, covering reductions of taxes for amortization of war facilities of manufacturers and miners. The committee also charges that "it has been the consistent policy of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue to exceed the authority delegated to compromise taxes." The principal charge in this respect seems to be that he followed "a policy of giving the unsecured creditors and stockholders of insolvent corporations precedence over the Government's claim for taxes."

It was reported that allowances for invested capital, which was the basis of the war profits and excess profits taxes, and taxation by special assessment—that is, the determination of tax by comparison with the tax paid by representative concerns engaged in the same industry where the taxpayers involved had suffered special hardship by abnormality in income or invested capital—are the principal grounds of tax refunds amounting to \$459,090,825 made by the Bureau from July 1, 1921, to April 30, 1925. The committee finds that "the principal administrative difficulties incident to invested capital and special assessment are due to the failure to observe the plain provision of the law."

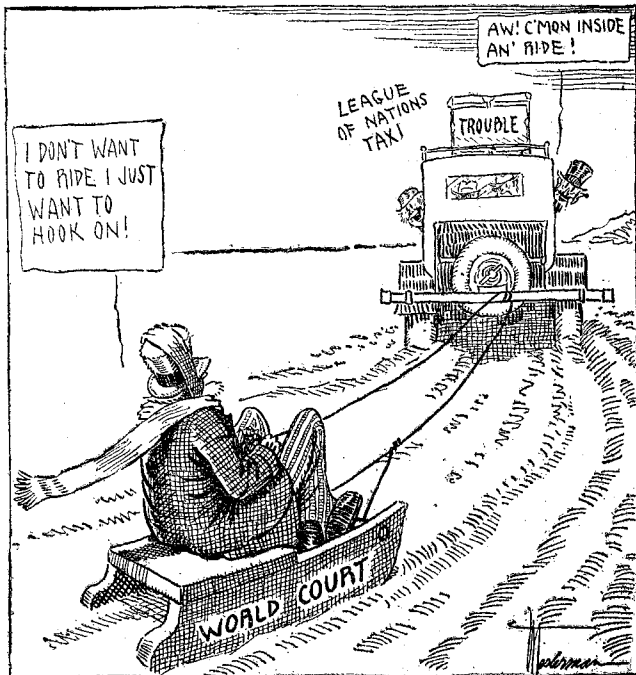
Attack was made on the policy of the Income Tax Unit in permitting the division heads to exercise the practically unlimited discretionary power vested in the Commissioner of Internal Revenue, except when a taxpayer is dissatisfied with the determination of his tax or when the refund involved exceeds \$50,000, in which cases there is a review of the work done or approved by the division heads. Reference was also made to the policy of discouraging complaints and protests made by subordinates, which action leaves division heads supreme and their superiors in ignorance of how the law is really administered.

The investigating committee makes further criticism of the general policies of the Bureau by stating that only 15½ per cent of the formal written rulings

Come, we stay too long

(The Merry Wives of Windsor, Act IV, Scene 1)

Westerman in the Ohio State Journal



Playing safe—as possible

From J. N. Temple, Columbus, Ohio

Ireland in the Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch



Anything to get him down at the table

From Horace R. Tuller, Columbus, Ohio

T. Brown in the New York Herald Tribune

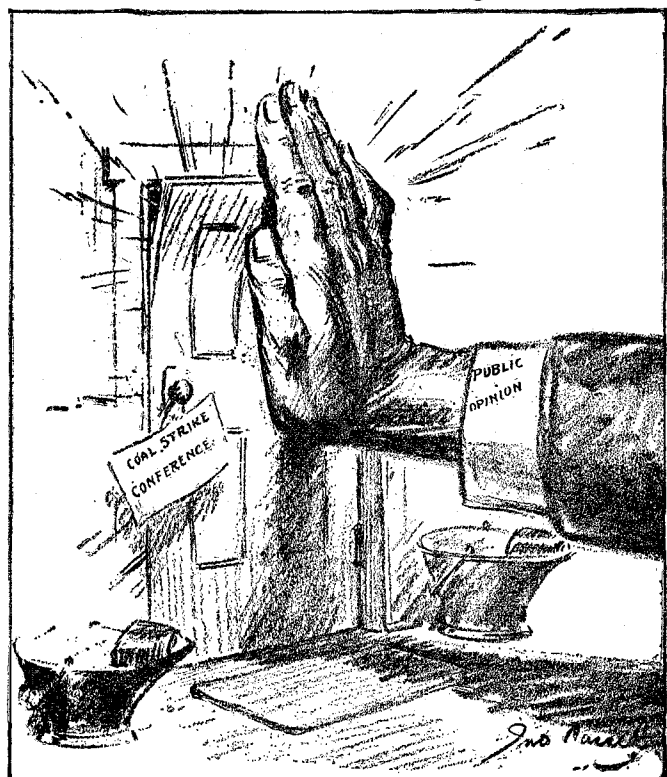


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This view might help

From Andrew W. Pera, Brooklyn, N. Y.

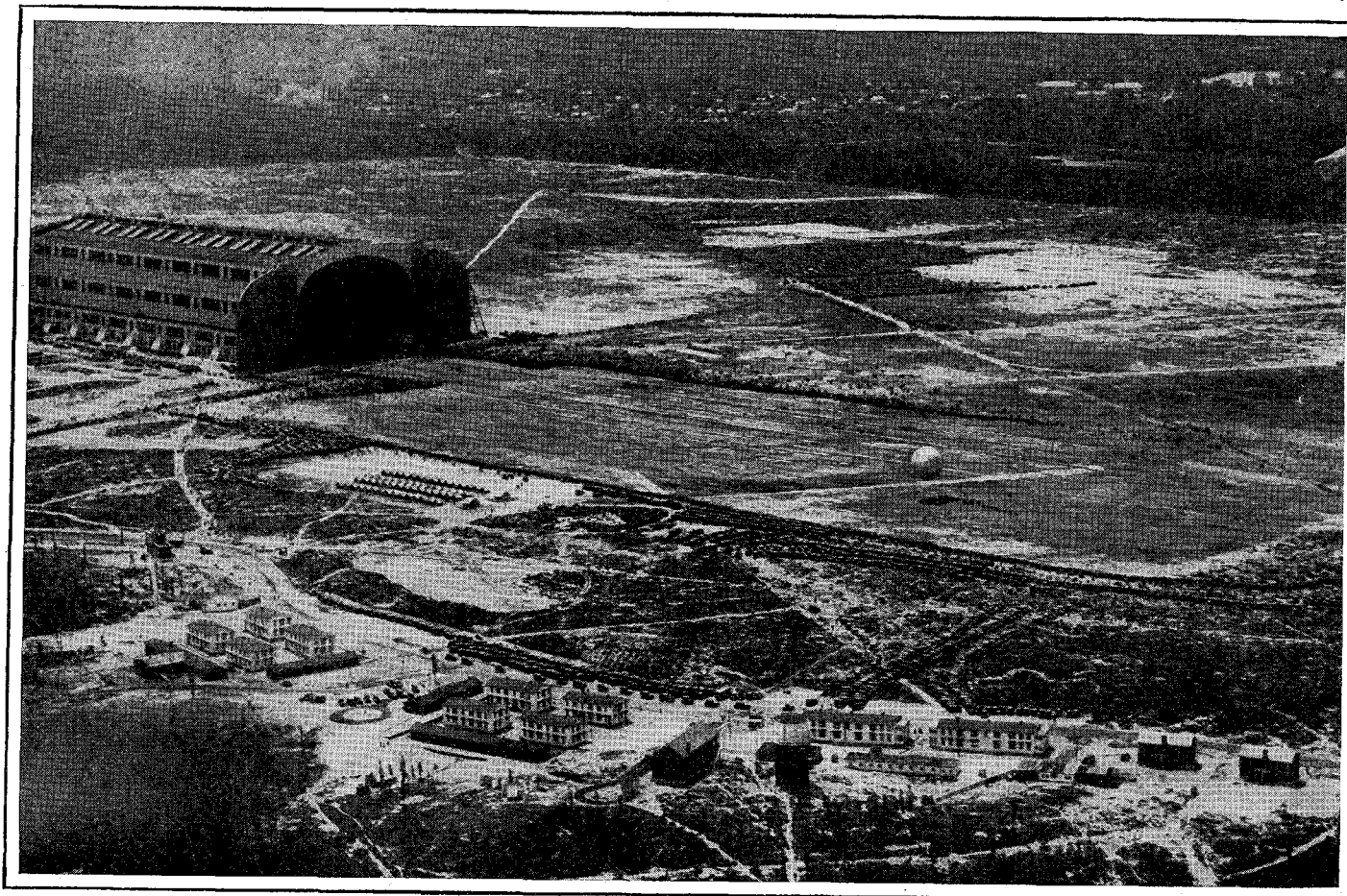
Cassel in the New York Evening World



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Stick till you settle it

From D. S. Imrie, New York, N. Y.



Wide World Photos

The great hangar at Lakehurst

applicable to income tax have been published, and, as a result, both taxpayers and employees are unable to apply uniform principles to similar cases. A further result of this failure to publish rulings and to consider closed cases as precedents and to publish the principles involved is said to be that taxpayers are "forced" to employ former employees of the Unit who are in exclusive possession of information concerning unpublished and perhaps unwritten precedents and practices. It is also said that the Bureau, in turn, suffers by this policy because the opportunity for highly lucrative outside employment necessarily causes an "extraordinary" turnover among the employees of the Unit.

A report of the findings of the investigating committee has been made to the Finance Committee of the Senate, with a view to having corrective provisions incorporated in the pending revenue bill.

The Aluminum Investigation

THE Senate Committee, attempting to determine whether the Department of Justice has exercised due diligence in prosecuting the investigation of an alleged violation by the Aluminum Company of America of the consent decree entered into in 1912, has had something new to think about in the last week. The

event adding interest to the case is a reported conference between President Coolidge, Secretary Mellon, and Attorney-General Sargent on January 2, the day the Department of Justice issued the statement that the facts disclosed so far had not supported the current charge.

Assistant Attorney-General Donovan told the Committee that he did not know whether such a conference had been held or, if held, whether it was before or after the issuance of the statement. Donovan also advised the investigators, when asked for the reason for issuance of the statement, that the men in charge of the investigation had prepared it because, in view of newspaper reports that an attack was to be made on the Department in connection with the inquiry, it seemed advisable for the Department to make its position clear. With the approval of the Attorney-General, the statement was published.

Although the Aluminum Company of America has given its consent for the Federal Trade Commission to give the Department's investigators access to the information obtained by it from the company, an independent investigation has been ordered. It is stated that this action is to be taken because the accuracy of the report in the hands of the Commission has been challenged.

Buoying the Air

THERE is apparently good ground for the hope that Congress, unless it entangles itself hopelessly in factional rows, will enact some worth-while legislation pertaining to aviation, and particularly in encouragement of commercial aviation.

The Bingham Bill, which embodies the recommendations of the President's Air Board concerning commercial aviation, was the first bill to pass the Senate. It is now in the Inter-State and Foreign Commerce Committee of the House, and its friends believe that it will be favorably reported out without undue delay.

If this bill becomes law, it will do for aviation much that is now done for navigation of our coastal waters. It has its parallels to lighthouse and harbor facilities and steamboat inspection in provisions for lighted airways, landing-fields, and inspection of aircraft. Supervision would be by the Department of Commerce under the direction of an Assistant Secretary for Aviation.

As the House Committee was considering this bill there came the announcement of the creation of a fund of \$2,500,000 by Mr. Daniel Guggenheim to be administered by a board of trustees for the promotion of civil aeronautics.

What is to be done for military avia-

tion is not entirely clear as yet, but it does seem apparent that there is no disposition in any responsible quarter to abandon experimentation with craft lighter than air because of the Shenandoah disaster. In the House Naval Committee, at least, there is a disposition to mark this off as a part of the cost of experience necessary to progress. In preparing its report on naval appropriations this Committee declared that its views as to the potentialities of rigid airships had not been influenced by this tragedy and that it did not propose abandonment of lighter-than-air development. Instead, it recommended an appropriation of \$300,000 for experimental work in metal-clad lighter-than-air craft. While it has not definitely recommended the replacement of the Shenandoah, it has listened sympathetically to a proposal to construct, at a cost of \$7,000,000, a dirigible with three times the gas capacity of the Shenandoah.

The Committee believes, however, that, since there is now only one dirigible, and she laid up in her hangar, the Lakehurst Naval Air Station should be closed for the present. It is said that by this action a saving of more than a million and a half a year could be effected—enough to help out materially toward the construction of the new and greater craft. This plan, however, is vigorously opposed by Navy officials, some of whom have declared before the Committee that the Navy might as well give up all effort at lighter-than-air work if Lakehurst is to be closed.

All Navy officials who have been questioned on the point have said that not a cent of money should be taken from any other part of the Naval program for the purpose of replacing the Shenandoah.

The Appropriation Bill as it now stands recommends appropriations of \$319,419,000, for the Navy, an increase of \$16,556,000 over the total of the last bill.

Truth—or a Good "Story"

DON C. SEITZ has complained in The Outlook that the press grows careless. We suspect that William McAndrew, Superintendent of the Public Schools of Chicago, may feel that he has reason to agree with him.

Recently Mr. McAndrew wrote for the "Educational Review" an editorial in which he said:

In 1870 there was on the walls of schools north of Mason and Dixon's Line a noticeable number of pictures

of battle scenes and generals. General Robert E. Lee was represented in most Southern schools. Later the famous "Spirit of '76," with the drums and fifes and bloody bandage, was a favorite. I haven't seen it in a school-room for over ten years.

That was enough for the Chicago "Tribune"! It seized upon the sentence regarding "The Spirit of '76" and ran it under the headline "McAndrew Says Spirit of '76 Bad in Schools."

The Associated Press, taking its "news" from the "Tribune," wired the twisted statement to a waiting Nation. The story grows in the press until we find statements that Mr. McAndrew has ordered removed from the schools "The Spirit of '76." Other papers say, "Chicago Superintendent Orders War Pictures Removed from the Schools."

The Chicago City Council, patriotic societies, and various military organizations have passed resolutions condemning Mr. McAndrew for things he did not say. Of course Mr. McAndrew has no right on earth to complain of the treatment accorded him. What does truth matter when a good story is involved?

The Cave Dwellers of To-Day

THE Governor of New York is rightly concerned over the living conditions in New York City. A graduate of New York City's East Side, Governor Smith knows intimately the effect upon men, women, and children of living in dark and airless homes.

In his Message to the Legislature he has offered a solution of the tenement-house problem, which has attracted a great deal of attention. He writes:

I have become convinced that if there is to be any satisfactory and reasonably speedy solution of the problem the State must revise its laws to meet the situation. There are two prime essentials to the solution. The first is to provide for the borrowing of money at low rates of interest; the second is the use of the power of condemnation in order that large parcels of land may be acquired at reasonable prices.

To achieve these essentials the State should provide by law for the incorporation of limited dividend corporations clothed with the power of condemnation, in order that the corporation may be in a position to construct modern dwelling-houses upon square blocks at a time.

Power should be given to the respective municipalities to issue tax-exempt bonds, the proceeds of which may be loaned to these limited dividend corporations. The extension of public

credit is predicated upon the theory that these corporations are to perform a quasi-public service and are to submit to the regulation of the sovereign power as to the character of construction of buildings and amount to be charged as rent.

An alternative plan may be the creation of a State housing bank similar to the Federal Land Bank.

Certainly the purpose of the Governor is beyond criticism. There are thousands of tenement-houses, built in New York City before the present tenement law was passed, which are a menace to the health and happiness of their inhabitants. Certainly, too, the proposal of the Governor is more in accord with our American practice than any plan for municipal or State owned dwellings could possibly be. Could the end which the Governor desires be obtained through our present laws if the city, using the right of excess condemnation, were persuaded to create playgrounds and small parks in the most crowded sections of New York? Could not the land about the playgrounds and parks be condemned and resold under proper restrictions as to the type of building which could be erected thereon? Possibly the city, by this method, might secure enough profit from the land condemned and resold to finance at least in part the creation of the parks and playgrounds.

Of course the whole tenement-house question in large cities has arisen as a result of faulty city planning and faulty civic development.

Everybody wants to do business in a restricted area. The result is that the worker has to live as near as possible to that area. By wise distribution of industry the problem of housing could be greatly lessened. Houses and tenements built on cheaper land than can be obtained in or near the heart of New York City could be rented for less money.

Some day the test of a city's merits will be, not "How many inhabitants have you?" but, "How do those inhabitants live?"

Crooks of the World, Beware!

THE Honorable Richard E. Enright, Police Commissioner of the City of New York until a month ago, has now established elaborate offices as president of an international police service.

Before surrendering his New York City police office to his successor, Commissioner McLaughlin, Mr. Enright had removed to the offices of his private concern all the records of the conferences

which he had held during the term of his office with foreign police officials, including records of international criminals. As reported and not denied, these data concerning international crooks were made and paid for by the city of New York. Commissioner McLaughlin demanded their return to the municipal offices. After their seizure and return, he discovered that the department's most important confidential indices concerning confidential data on criminals and resorts of vice were missing. Mr. Enright has denied possession of them; but members of the department testified that these indices were sent with the other records to Mr. Enright. In any event, the actions of the late Commissioner of Police have been of considerable embarrassment to the new Commissioner.

Mr. Enright now plans a super-detective force which will furnish information regarding international criminals to police departments throughout the world. What chance has this grandiose scheme of an international police force under Mr. Enright's direction to be successful? But sometimes the lady who cannot keep her own house in order is the very one who offers to teach the world expert housekeeping.

The Golden Horseshoe

HOME of our country's best operatic productions and citadel of New York's high society, the Metropolitan Opera House will be demolished if the plans of the main shareholder of the Metropolitan Opera Company, Mr. Otto H. Kahn, are accepted. In this event, the last unified stand of old New York's society will make way for a "more democratic" opera house farther uptown.

The grandfathers and grandmothers of present-day society gathered in October, 1883, to hear Christine Nilsson sing Marguerite at the gala opening of the magnificent Metropolitan Opera House, at Broadway and 39th Street. Their money erected that historic house, which with the passing of the years has become antiquated and unsuited to modern conditions. The entire property, now valued at about \$10,000,000, belonged jointly to those holding the thirty-five parterre boxes which made up the famous "Golden Horseshoe." Each box-holder owned a thirty-fifth share in the building. Their boxes could not be sold, but, when the owners did not appear, were either unoccupied or given to friends for the night. The boxes now belong to the descendants of the original builders or to those whose wealth has enabled them

to buy their way into this exclusive social group.

Mr. Otto Kahn, wealthy broker and patron of the arts, purchased Box No. 14 several years ago. He is still looked upon by the others as a newcomer, even though it has been his money in the main which has produced on the Metropolitan stage the operas unsurpassed anywhere in the world.

Mr. Kahn now proposes to move his opera company to a new opera house, "bigger, better, and more democratic than the Metropolitan." In the present house 1,000 purchasers of the moderate-priced seats cannot see the stage. Mr. Kahn wants to provide for 4,500 seats with a chance for every one to view the performance. New developments in the science of acoustics will, according to the experts, give the new opera house an immense advantage over the old. Mr. Kahn proposes to reduce the number of parterre boxes from thirty-five to thirty, and to lease them to the socially eligible. In this way ownership cannot be transferred to those considered socially ineligible.

Mr. Kahn knows that he must have society to have opera. Half of the show is catching a glimpse of the social élite or, in case of the selected few, a demon-



International

The home of the Metropolitan Opera Company

stration to the assembled thousands that they are rated by the world as a "superior class."

Mr. Kahn's plan seems to us to be of decided benefit to the opera-goers of moderate means. It also should afford a protection to that society group which resents the *nouveaux riches* and the purchase power of their money. It certainly will provide better means for Mr. Gatti-Casazza to stage even greater operatic productions than he has staged in the past.

Successful opera, as of old, must cling to society, but, by the same token, fashion must move with the times. In 1850 society and opera met at the very point of Manhattan Island, the old Castle Garden, now the Aquarium. During the Civil War they moved to the Academy of Music, on 14th Street. Thirty years later they migrated uptown to the present Metropolitan site. Another move is inevitable. When it comes, it must be in keeping with the advancing social conceptions of the rights of the masses, and at the same time offer the society of the "Golden Horseshoe" a continued life in new and, according to their standards, safer quarters.

Testing Germany's Ability to Pay

EXPERIMENT is always a better way to find the right solution of a difficult problem than argument.

The Dawes Plan for German payments to the Allies of reparations for damages done in the war is affording a new proof of that truth. S. Parker Gilbert, the American Agent-General for Reparation Payments, in an address in New York on January 12 before the Council on Foreign Relations, emphasized this as the chief service that the plan has rendered. He said: "It has substituted methods of patient inquiry and orderly administration for futile bickerings and speculations. Instead of endless discussion as to how much Germany might be able to pay and as to whether or not she was willing to pay, we are now in the course of finding out by actual experience what can safely be paid and transferred."

The Allies are now getting reparations instead of talking about them, and Germany has the incentive to work for her own rehabilitation, which is essential to continued payment.

The guiding thought in framing the



(C) Harris & Ewing

S. Parker Gilbert

plan was to make it to the interest of all the parties to carry it out in good faith. Therefore it avoided any system of foreign controls which would take away from the German authorities the responsibility for their own administration. The revenues from the customs, beer, tobacco, and sugar were assigned, under the supervision of Germany's creditors through a Commissioner for Controlled Revenues, as security for payment of budget contributions and charges on the railroads and industry. But no general budgetary control was imposed, except in case of willful default.

The plan also fixed the total amount to be paid each year, in order to put an end to unexpected demands and allow Germany to know exactly what she must pay. It further recognized the necessity of protecting the German exchange by setting up the Transfer Committee to regulate the transmission of payments abroad.

In order to determine Germany's capacity to pay, there is a system of internal controls. The Reichsbank has been reconstituted and made independent of the Government, with foreign members on its General Council, one of whom is designated as Commissioner to see that the note issue is kept within legal limits. The German railways have been transferred to a private company independent of the Government, and

mortgaged to the amount of eleven billion gold marks for the payment of reparations. Foreign members have been placed on the Board of Administration; a foreign Railway Commissioner has been appointed, and a foreign trustee for the railway bonds to safeguard the interests of the holders. Germany industry also has been subjected to a reparations charge of five billion gold marks, and a foreign trustee has been appointed for the bondholders. These various offices are co-ordinated under the Agent-General for Reparation Payments, to whose account with the Reichsbank all payments for reparations are made. The Transfer Committee controls the use and withdrawal of reparation funds, to secure the utmost payments to the creditor nations consistent with the stability of the exchange.

Will the Dawes Plan Succeed?

Two questions are often asked concerning the Dawes Plan, and both of them Mr. Gilbert stated, answering one, and explaining why the other could not be definitely answered. These two questions are: First, Is Germany doing her part in good faith? And, second, Will the Dawes Plan succeed?

Germany, Mr. Gilbert reported, has met all payments promptly as due, and is making arrangements to facilitate future payments. She now has a stable currency and a balanced Budget. Thus the first objects of the plan have been attained, and Mr. Gilbert expressed the opinion that it has marked the turning-point not only in the reconstruction of Germany but of Europe generally.

How far it may be possible to carry out the full schedule of reparation payments in years to come Mr. Gilbert did not venture to predict. He contented himself with pointing out some of the many factors which will affect the process of transferring the increasing amounts involved, such as the return of stable conditions generally and the growth of world trade, the prosperity of German agriculture and the reorganization of German industry, and the willingness of other countries to receive large amounts of German goods. And he re-emphasized the fact that the plan puts the solution of the problem to the test of actual experiment under conditions as they arise.

It is clear that the greatest difficulties lie ahead. Only as we see how the

heavier payments of future years are met, and what is the effect in international finance of transferring them, can we tell whether the Dawes Plan is more than a temporary success. The final test may well prove to be the attitude other countries take toward the revival of German industry. To provide the basis for reparation payments, Germany will have to expand her production greatly. If markets can be found for increasing amounts of German goods without arousing too much opposition, the plan can continue to operate. But whether it works permanently or not, it has proved itself a great achievement as a practical method of dealing with the long-vexed question of what Germany can pay.

Clavilux

A SILENT organ has been invented which produces an emotional effect corresponding to that of music. It is the color organ, or Clavilux, of Thomas Wilfred. Instead of producing musical tones it produces luminous colors.

Recently Mr. Wilfred played his Clavilux in conjunction with the Philadelphia Orchestra. On that occasion he interpreted with his colored lights upon a screen the music of Rimsky-Korsakoff's symphonic suite "Scheherazade." To many in the audience the floating, swirling, filmy colors, now somber, now gorgeous, sometimes seeming to eddy in the air in front of the screen, at other times seeming to glow from a background as distant as a sunset, never assuming formal shapes or representing anything in nature, but always combining grace of

form and movement with gradation of light and hue, were a distraction from the music and a hindrance to the understanding and appreciation of it. To others, on the other hand, the Clavilux produced a strange intensification of the music and a comment upon it in a language curiously like that of music itself.

There is no intention on the part of the inventor to make of his organ of light a mere accompaniment to music. Indeed, he considers it the instrument of an independent art. The very silence of it, if this new art is to make a place for itself, should perhaps not be disturbed by even the most beautiful music. Indeed, alone it combines the silence of decorative visual design with the dynamic movement of music. It is even dreamed that the tired business man, after a day at his office, may go home and sit down at his Clavilux and find restfulness in the colors which he extemporizes in silence.

Sparring for Points

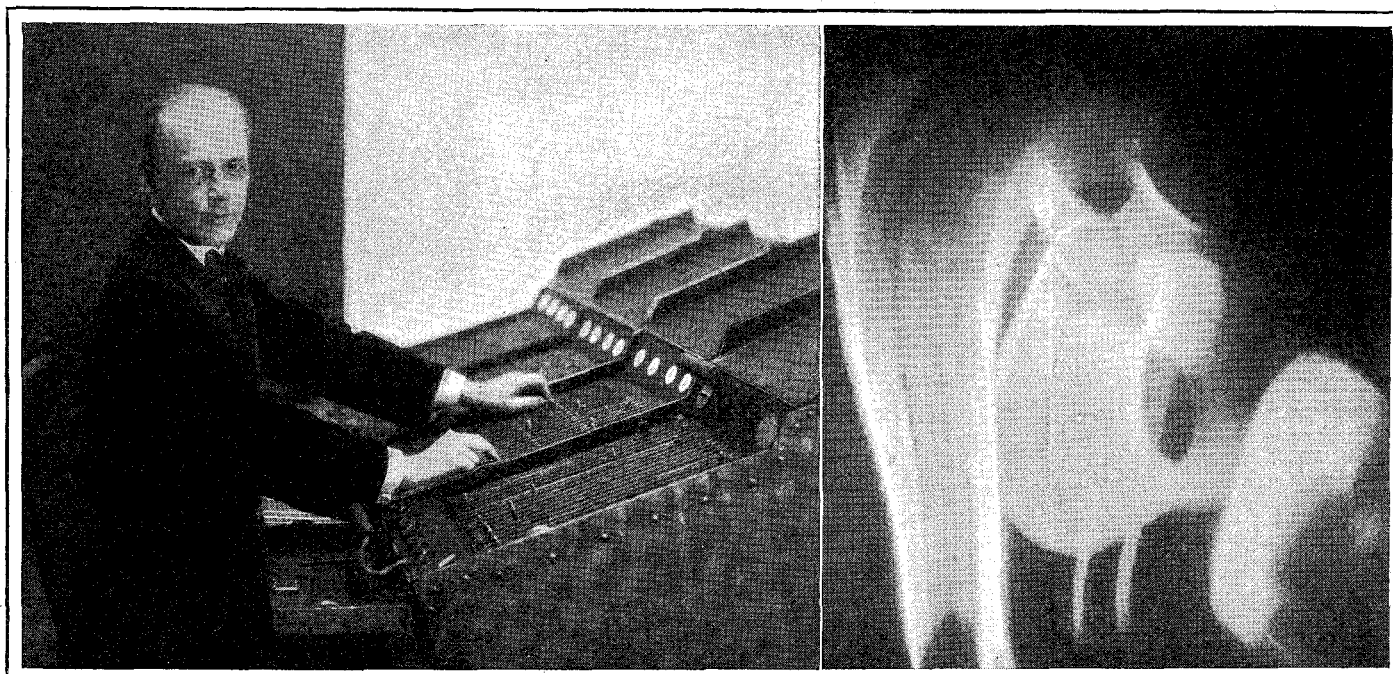
ANTHRACITE operators and miners alike should note one feature of this coal strike that is ominous to both. It is the comparative indifference of the public. In most prolonged and extensive strikes the public in time becomes stirred and clamors for action to end it, and in the meantime takes sides or divides its support. In this strike, however, the public, even the usual consumers of anthracite, have shown comparative indifference. For all most people care apparently, the striking

miners may ruin the operators' business and the operators may break up the miners' union. Whether this is as it should be is not the point.

The inaction of the President is a reflection of this public state of mind. "Apparently to his mind," as the "Journal of Commerce" tersely puts it, "no emergency exists, not even a political emergency."

This public indifference may be accounted for partly by the circumstances of the case and partly by the conduct of both miners and managers. Anthracite is now not such a necessity as it once was. People have learned that they can use substitutes—sometimes to advantage. And neither the managers nor the miners have succeeded in convincing the public that they have a case worthy of public support. Their recent negotiations at the Union League Club in New York, which broke down with no gain recorded, seemed to be on each side merely an effort to get the other side into a position of tactical disadvantage. In consequence the miners have been put into the position of refusing arbitration, while the managers have been put into the position of breaking off the negotiations.

Congress is not likely to act without some sign from the President, and the President does not seem likely to act without some sign from the public, and the public so far has shown no disposition to give any sign to either Congress or the President. Perhaps it is for the best that this war be fought out to the point where both sides will learn that for once the chief victims of industrial war-



The player (Mr. Wilfred), the Clavilux, and the composition

fare are not the public, but the participants.

"Bickering" About the Weather

THE OUTLOOK is in receipt of a letter from Professor Charles F. Marvin, Chief of the United States Weather Bureau, in which he says that a paragraph in The Outlook of January 6 "contains a statement that is not only at variance with the facts, but is also misleading in other respects."

The thing referred to is a bit of running comment in which we smiled at the capital city because it becomes so intensely wrought over so many things. All sorts of sensations were referred to, from the hurricane of Colonel Mitchell's testimony to the billows of even the best of Washington's motor boulevards. The particular sentence to which Professor Marvin directs attention is this:

"The newest one [sensation] comes from the fact that the Smithsonian Institution is at last, after decades of investigation and years of bickering, ready to issue long-range weather forecasts based on variations in solar radiation."

The Chief of the Weather Bureau objects, first, to the statement that the Smithsonian Institution is to issue long-range weather forecasts, and, second, to the use of the word "bickering" in this connection.

As to the first, we admit error. What was meant to be said, and what was in accord with the facts, was that the Smithsonian Institution "is ready to issue long-range weather forecast data." The omission of the word "data" was a slip. Whether the use of the word "bickering" was inaccurate or not depends upon definition. Possibly The Outlook and Professor Marvin do not use the same dictionary.

Professor Marvin says that The Outlook owes it to its readers, "in the interest of truth and fair play," to print word for word a certain paragraph from the latest annual report of Dr. C. G. Abbot, of the Smithsonian Institution. Without conceding that it is incumbent upon us to do so, we herewith reproduce that paragraph:

No public forecasts have been made or will be made under the auspices of the Smithsonian Institution. Our entire purpose in the matter is, and has always been, to make such experiments as might indicate what value, if any, would attach to the introduc-

tion of a new variable, namely, the variation of the sun, in weather forecasting. Our forecasts are made privately and only as tests of the experimental conclusions.

That report was written months ago, but it doubtless states a policy which still guides the Smithsonian Institution. None the less the Smithsonian Institution did, in the last days of 1925, make public announcement that it was ready to furnish, not long-range weather forecasts, as The Outlook inadvertently said, but long-range weather forecast data, as we intended to say. It was announced that facts concerning the solar constant would be furnished daily, from January 1 forward, to the Western Union Telegraph Company, the Associated Press, other press associations, and the United States Weather Bureau. Professor Marvin has, since writing the letter to The Outlook, personally told our editorial correspondent in Washington that these data from the Smithsonian Institution will be promulgated in the official publications of the Weather Bureau. Whether disseminated thus or through the other agencies to which they are to be furnished, the data will be available for use in long-range weather forecasting by those who believe themselves competent to make such use of them.

We regret having conveyed the impression that the Smithsonian Institution was itself to make long-range weather forecasts when really it is only to furnish the data upon which such forecasts may be based. If to say that scientists have engaged in bickering is to do violence to their dignity, we regret that too. But, in the dictionaries available to us, bickering means, among other things, noisy wrangling. And it is hardly to be denied by anybody that there has existed among scientists for several years a difference of opinion, decidedly vocal, as to whether variations in solar radiation can or cannot be interpreted in terms of terrestrial weather. That question is perennial, its roots always full of sap. It springs up under the stimulus of any warmth, and it has flowered in numerous meetings of scientists whose bent is toward meteorology and of business men to whom foreknowledge of the weather is important. Common report is to the effect that the arguments have sometimes been decidedly torrid. If the word we used to decide such controversy is offensive, we withdraw it, but not the idea it was meant to convey.

Such controversy is not at all to the

discredit of scientists. The recurrent argument is, beyond doubt, in the interest of scientific advancement. Solar radiation data either are or are not usable in practical weather forecasting. The truth will be established ultimately as the result of these very bickerings. If Professor Marvin believes that such data, in their present state of development, are not dependable in weather forecasting, he is right in warmly defending his position. If another man believes that they are dependable, he would be untrue to science if he failed to use whatever arguments are available to him.

Where is the good in trying to conceal the fact that on controverted questions scientists differ as hotly as other men do? Is science to be advanced by the fiction that it is a tremendous, harmonious force moving inexorably forward, like time? Science is no such thing. It is, like all achievement, the fruit of the struggle and the strife of men. Its energy is generated through friction, as energy always is generated. The fact that it has its bickerings—or whatever synonym Professor Marvin would prefer—in its slow progress toward truth is to its credit and not to its shame.

The position that weather can be forecast for long periods is, as yet, insecurely held. It may be maintained; it may be abandoned. The Outlook has, first and last, printed a number of articles concerning the question. In the main, they have favored the position of Professor Marvin rather than that of his opponents. We do not feel that Professor Marvin or meteorological science has fared badly at the hands of The Outlook. The Chief of the Weather Bureau has taken a smile far too seriously.

Why Prohibition?

IDEALISTS in Congress are again getting together to modify radically or repeal prohibition. They are idealists because they have set before themselves an ideal and are unterrified by facts. In the last Congress it is said there were sixty identic bills introduced to make the sale of 2.75 per cent beer and wine legal. It is said that there are about sixty members of the House of Representatives, of whom twenty-four are from New York State, who are organizing in this Congress to carry on the anti-prohibition crusade. Their immediate objective is the modification of the Volstead Act.

It is well for idealists in any cause to

face the facts. What are some of the facts that these idealists should face?

One fact is that National prohibition did not come as the result of an effort to make people moral by law. Undoubtedly in some cases, notably in Maine, State prohibition was the result of a moral crusade to enforce total abstinence; but as such it did not gain much headway. Prohibition became National for reasons that had nothing to do with individual morals. It was only when public opinion became convinced that the legalized liquor trade was hopelessly corrupt and corrupting and that traffic in alcoholic drink was an economic burden which the Nation could not afford to bear that prohibition became National.

Protests against prohibition as an effort at moral reform are therefore beside the point. If anti-prohibitionists are to get a hearing, they must prove that the lawlessness of the illegal traffic is as great and as corrupting as the lawlessness of the legalized traffic, and that the outlawing of the liquor trade has either not brought economic benefit or has brought evils that outweigh that benefit. Opinions about comparative lawlessness before and since prohibition are not facts. The burden of proof is upon those who wish to make a change.

Another fact which anti-prohibition idealists should face is that the present legal definition as to what constitutes an intoxicating beverage is not a device of the prohibitionists. It is the definition that was in the liquor law before National prohibition was adopted. It is said that the provision making one-half of one per cent of alcoholic content the legal limit for non-intoxicating beverages was put into the liquor law originally at the instance of the liquor interests, so that they would be assured of freedom from competition by manufacturers of what are now called "light wines and beers." At any rate, the law had that effect of preventing competition between the licensed saloon and the unlicensed seller of "soft drinks." The attacks on the supporters of the Prohibition Law as hypocritical because prohibition is alleged to make illegal the selling of drink that is in fact non-intoxicating are therefore beside the point and should have no weight.

Whether the Eighteenth Amendment should have legislated the legal sale of liquor out of existence was at one time a live question. At that time *The Outlook* held that the Amendment should have been confined to a grant of power to

Congress to pass a prohibition law. That question, however, is now academic. Arguments about it get us nowhere. The only live question about prohibition is that of such enactment or modification of laws as will remove or minimize present evils and retain all possible benefits resulting from the Eighteenth Amendment, and the development of such public opinion as will secure respect for the observance and enforcement of law.

In "Antioch Notes," a semi-monthly publication of Antioch College, Ohio, we find, in the issue for January 1, the following:

Mechanical engineers speak of "tolerance," or the permissible range of imperfection in fitting parts, to allow for limitations of tools, material, and workmanship. A wagon-wheel bearing may have a "tolerance" of half an inch; a fine watch bearing, less than a ten thousandth.

As society advances, many social tolerances are reduced. When society has conclusively found a course to be wrong, it does well to act on that find-

ing. It has done this as to opium, the effects of which are so obvious that its use is properly restricted to physicians. The case of alcohol is no different in principle, but only in the decisiveness of the evidence. The effort to make this an issue of personal liberty, rather than of fact, is not justified.

On the other hand, a speeding automobile must not be thrown into reverse gear, even though a signpost shows it to be going the wrong way. Prohibitionists erred in social mechanics, underestimating the momentum of the social mass. More gradual stopping would have put less strain on the social machinery.

If, as thus defined by "Antioch Notes," tolerance in practices that was once safe ceases to be safe in modern society, at least tolerance of opinion can be preserved. There is no surer way of preserving it than by developing respect for facts. Idealism which disregards facts is the greatest enemy of that form of tolerance which modern society most needs.

For Smith College Girls Only

By LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT

Contributing Editor of *The Outlook*

I HAVE found out by sad experience that it is dangerous for an ignoramus to intrude upon the domain of the classical oracles—dangerous both to one's own reputation and to the reputation of the oracles themselves. Now I am an ignoramus if judged by the standards of the College Boards. To pass an entrance examination of one of the smallest fresh-water colleges would certainly be beyond my powers. I cannot conjugate any of the Greek irregular verbs, nor can I repeat the rule, and its exceptions, that governs the use of *a*, *ab*, and *absque* with the Latin ablative. My I. Q. is very low in this respect. And yet—*mea culpa!*—I presumed in these columns a few weeks ago to make a classical allusion that has led to a long train of perplexing and at the same time amusing consequences. I am both perplexed and amused to find how far from infallible the oracles are!

It all happened this way. Having ventured to criticise the mechanical tendencies of the College Board examinations, I drove home my criticisms in a subsequent article by printing some letters from teachers who approved my stand. Two of them compared the College Board examiners to Procrustes. With self-

complacency—how true it is that pride goeth before a fall!—I made this comment upon their classical analogy: "Perhaps I may add—not, however for the benefit of the twenty Smith girls who are studying Greek literature—that Procrustes, to whom my correspondents allude, was a mythical Greek robber who had two beds. He hammered or stretched out his short victims to fit the long bed and cut down his tall victims to fit the short one." Whereupon a gentleman in Pennsylvania wrote me as follows:

The twenty Smith girls referred to in your article "Those College Boards Again," in *The Outlook* for December 16, will certainly not be edified by your allusion to Procrustes, and some of them may already have called your attention to the fact that Procrustes, if my mythology and those authorities which are available to me are not at fault, had only one bed. There would be little point in the story if he had a double standard to which he made his victims conform.

Much shocked by this revelation of my ignorance, my first resolution was one of repentance. I determined never to set my unworthy foot again upon the sacred precincts of classical lore. Who



Photo by Eric Stahlberg

O tempora! O mores!

A group of Smith College girls in the year 1883, gathered together in room "8," in Hubbard House, one of the oldest dormitories

am I, said I to myself, to presume to consort with the classically cultivated? But when my mortification cooled a little I decided to investigate and discover, if possible, how I had made so colossal a blunder. To my relief and amusement, I found that the classically cultivated sometimes are as confused and blundering as those of us in the common herd.

I first turned to that *vade mecum* of the editorial office—it goes wherever the office goes—the Encyclopedia Britan-

nica. Surely, I thought, this monumental work, published under the ægis of that noble institution of classical learning, the University of Cambridge, will settle the question. True enough. The Britannica in its article on Procrustes says:

He had two bedsteads (according to some, only one), the one very long, the other very short. When a stranger claimed his hospitality, Procrustes compelled him, if he was tall to lie down on the short bed, and then cut off his extremities to make him fit. If,

on the other hand, he was short, he was placed on the long bedstead and his limbs pulled out until he died of exhaustion.

This seemed final. But I had a dim recollection that Plutarch reported that Theseus killed Procrustes, so I turned to the Britannica article on Theseus. Imagine my surprise to find the following:

A little further on he [Theseus] slew Procrustes, who fitted all comers to his only bed: if his guest was too



Photo by Eric Stahlberg

Εἰς τὸ Πρόσθεν

Room "8," in Hubbard House. A bevy of present-day students. See if you can discover a Greek text-book in either picture

short for the bed, he stretched him out; if he was too long, he cut him down to the requisite length.

Here was a pretty how-d'ye-do! One Cambridge don speaking of Procrustes and "his only bed" as if the statement was axiomatic; and another Cambridge don classing as mere *somebodies* all those who do not accept the two-bed version!

Clearly, I must go further. The Britannica dons referred to Hyginus and Plutarch as their sources of information. Now, so far as I can learn, there is no English translation of Hyginus, a collector and recorder of Greek and Roman folk-lore, who was a protégé and chief librarian of Augustus Caesar. So I appealed to my friend Dean West, of Princeton, and by his courtesy one of his colleagues sent me a passage from the Latin text of Hyginus—perhaps from the edition published in Hamburg in 1676, which I later consulted in the New York Public Library. The passage reads as follows:

Procrustum Neptuni filium, ad hunc hospes venisset, si longior erat, minori lecto proposito, reliquam corporis partem præcidebat: sin autem brevior statura erat, lecto longiori dato, in-

cudibus suppositis extendebat eum, usque dum lecti longitudinem æquaret: hunc interfecit.

On examining this passage (with the laborious aid of a lexicon), I found that the article in the Britannica by the two-bed don is almost a literal translation.

It was easier to get at Plutarch. I had only to consult the splendid and munificent Classical Library designed and endowed by Mr. James Loeb, the New York banker. There I found the following passage in which Plutarch tersely reports the slaying of Procrustes by Theseus:

καὶ μικρὸν προελθὼν Δαμάστην ἐν Ἐρινεῷ τὸν Προκρούστην, ἀναγκάσας αὐτὸν ἀπισσοῦν τοῖς κλιντήρσιν ὥσπερ τοὺς ξένους ἐκείνους

The only question is as to the idiomatic use by Plutarch of the phrase τοῖς κλιντήρσιν. If it cannot be stretched to mean "only bed," as the Cambridge don appears to think it can, then the one-bed version has not a leg, or rather a caster, to stand on. I am not enough of a Greek scholar to decide, so I leave the final judgment to the twenty classical students of Smith College, only remind-

ing them that Hyginus, who was born nearly a century before Plutarch, was a specialist in folk-lore, while Plutarch was a specialist in moralistic biography. When one wants to find the origin of a myth or legend, does he go to a biographer or an antiquarian?

There is one question, however, in this connection about which I do feel competent to express an opinion. My Pennsylvania correspondent says that there would be little point to the myth if Procrustes had kept two beds—had, in a word, maintained a double standard. On the contrary, the cruel shrewdness of the torturer is best revealed by the two beds. Procrustes cared nothing about the fitness of things. What he wanted was to gloat over the agonies of his victims. With only one bed a certain number of his guests would have escaped mutilation, for they would fortuitously have fitted it. But with two beds he was always sure of his prey. For no man can fit two beds of different lengths.

It vaguely seems as if there were a lesson lurking somewhere in this discussion. I wonder if it is that a double standard of morals is cruel and vicious?

Unsun'd Treasure and Some Doings

Staff Correspondence from Washington by DIXON MERRITT

JOHN MILTON never made an American tour, so far as the records reveal. Certainly he never poked around among the cave dwellers of arched underground chambers who compose the superstructure of the Treasury Department organization. But when he sat down to write "Comus" he must have provisioned that edifice and organization. Else why did he write about "the heaps of unsun'd treasure" where the newspaper man's inquisitive torch, turned upon the acquisitive vaults, only served to make the deeper darkness visible?

Three weeks ago I decided to devote a day or two to gathering the facts for a contribution on the Treasury to that series of Outlook articles elucidating the how rather than the what of Federal departments. First, I talked to a man who does Treasury articles for a living.

"Who," I said, "can tell me the story of the Treasury Department?"

"There is," he replied, "no story of the Treasury Department, and therefore nobody knows it. There are twenty-six stories of the Treasury. If you want Story No. 1, you go to Mr. A. If you

want Story No. 26, you go to Mr. Z. And so on or back, up or down."

I abused him for a chucklehead and went out to get the story. He was—and is—a chucklehead. It is sheer idiocy to attempt designation by the characters of the English alphabet. Nothing short of a Chinese-type case would serve. I worked on his system until long after I had exhausted the alphabet and had to resort to such expedients as *x* one-half and *z* square. Then I decided to start all over again, but, as a preface, went to another man, who recently had published an article on certain work of the Treasury.

"How," I demanded, "did you find out about the workings of the Treasury?"

"I didn't," he resented. "After eight months of hard digging, I decided that I knew enough of one very minor branch of the Treasury to write a decidedly superficial article about it."

There was one last hope. I sought the man who wrote the chapter on the Treasury Department in a certain mighty popular book. And I asked him this:

"How can I find out how things are done in the Treasury?"

He sighed in a tone of utter weariness and said, with an air of finality, "It can't be done."

But it can. I promised the readers of The Outlook the story of the how of the Treasury. It will not, however, be printed next week. I do not know how the story is to be got, but there is a way. It would be desirable to have Congress make an appropriation to pay the salaries of a staff of expert researchers to spend a few years pulling the material together. The Treasury Department wants the material pulled together. It has made efforts to find men who could do it, but I am assured by the chief clerk that the funds available were not sufficient to command the services of men capable of doing the job.

It appears to be a fact that the work of the Treasury Department does not "head up" anywhere. There are numerous men who have marvelous knowledge of particular phases of the work. There is no man or set of men, apparently, with a comprehensive view of the essential how of the whole thing.

Articles on other departments will likely precede the Treasury article in the



International

Frank O. Lowden

series. When "Rutledge Rides Alone," he rides slowly.

THE American Society of Newspaper Editors was recently in session in Washington. It is composed of directing editors of daily newspapers in cities of over fifty thousand population. There have been among the membership editors of papers in towns smaller than fifty thousand, but they were elected as celebrities rather than as editors. President Harding was one of them. No man not some sort of editor of some sort of daily newspaper has ever been a member. I was permitted to hang around this meeting as a sort of earth-bound, disembodied spirit of a daily newspaper editor.

The American Society of Newspaper Editors is deeply concerned about newspaper ethics. It has undertaken a codification in what is called "Canons of Journalism." Responsibility, independence, sincerity, truthfulness, accuracy, impartiality, fair play, and decency—these are the essentials as codified. They apply, it seems to me, as completely to a baseball umpire as to an editor.

But, being concerned with ethics, the American Society of Newspaper Editors is naturally concerned with the handling of crime news. That is the subject to which discussion always reverted. They talked of keeping it off the front page. They talked of letting it take its chance in the run-o'-the-mine. They talked of segregating it on an inside page. They talked of leaving it out altogether, though nobody advocated doing so. They talked of the good it does and of the harm.

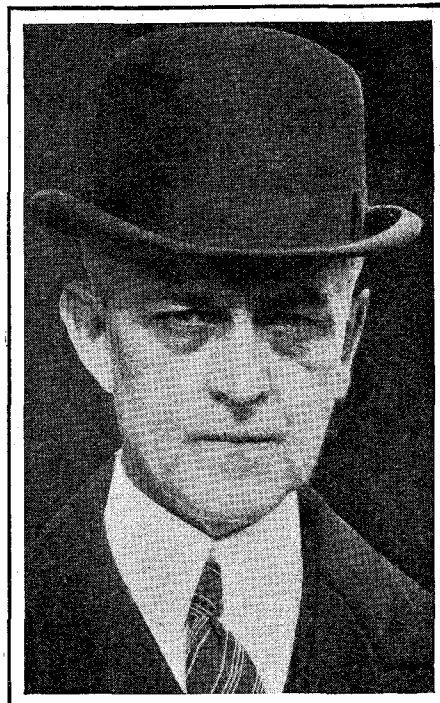
To me, a wraith among embodied edi-

tors of dailies, it seemed that they never got down to the roots. If a ghost could have found a voice, I should have said: "To our ethics, oh, Editors! To the canons! Truthfulness! Or, abandoning truth as something unattainable to mortals, facts! When we print the facts, the complete facts, and nothing but the facts of crime, we rob crime news of its power to do harm to those who are not yet criminals. Crime is not glorious. Crime is not heroic. The facts show it to be neither the one nor the other. When we print the facts, we do not make heroes of criminals and we do not inspire emulation of criminals in the hearts of boys—and of girls."

The crime story is among the greatest of newspaper stories. It has its place, on the front page, on an inside page, on the back page. But it is a fact story, and we have largely lost the art of writing it. In the good old days, when the good reporter was the greatest among the craft, we wrote crime stories that made newspapers and did no harm to anybody. No sob sister in breeches ever has written or ever will write a sensational story of crime that will hold the interest of readers as those old fact stories of crime did.

INTO the frenzied scramble and clatter of a stampede rode the National Council of Farmers' Co-operative Marketing Associations. While the Administration rode with the maddened herd, in danger of being crushed but with hope of heading off the stampede some miles down the prairie, Robert W. Bingham and Aaron Sapiro came to its aid. The National Council of Farmers' Co-operative Marketing Associations adopted a resolution opposing anything in the nature of a Government export corporation.

This was to have been, and doubtless was, expected. The N. C. F. C. M. A. has always been on that side. I tried to show how and why when I wrote "Everett and Old Man Jim" a year ago. But, for all that it was to be and was expected, it came very near not happening. The N. C. F. C. M. A. is no longer solidly opposed to the Government's taking a hand in the disposal of crop surpluses. There were four outstanding figures in the meeting in Washington: Bingham, Lowden, Sapiro, Poteet. Two of these, Robert W. Bingham and Aaron Sapiro, stood stanchly against the export corporation idea. The two others, Frank O. Lowden and Walton Poteet, vigorously advocated it. Bingham and Sapiro triumphed, but not by much. Lowden is not much less the leader than Bingham, Sapiro not much more the accepted expert than Poteet.



Wide World Photos

Robert W. Bingham

The newspaper reports of the meeting did not give an entirely accurate impression of its significance. The name, National Council of Farmers' Co-operative Marketing Associations, conveys the idea of all-inclusiveness. The organization is not, however, all inclusive. It is merely one of several groups of farmers' co-operatives, and not the largest. Published figures show that its membership is decidedly smaller than that of the American Farm Bureau Federation, which, at Chicago, adopted a resolution favoring the export corporation immediately after President Coolidge, at the meeting for the purpose of delivering the principal address, had asked it not to.

The action of the National Association of Farmers' Co-operative Marketing Associations does not mean that the agricultural revolt has been put down.

Jardine the cowboy still rides with the stampeded herd. But he has not headed it—not yet.

SOME of us down here are wondering why Mrs. Henderson persists in her effort to reform the dress of women, who resent it, instead of setting about reforming the dress of men, who would welcome it. We are slaves to multiplicity. A man, dressing in the generally accepted simple fashion for the street in winter, must put on twenty-two separate articles of clothing. And this does not include any jewelry or ornamentation even of the simplest, but merely the articles of fabric, leather, and felt. Why we do not revolt even without a leader can be explained only on the supposition that we do not realize how many articles we have to wear.

The American Press

The Country Press

By DON C. SEITZ

In which Don Seitz calls the roll of the States and sets off a few well-placed bombs. This is the fourth of a series of articles on American journalism

DESPITE the seeming dominance of the metropolitan daily and the flood of the "Saturday Evening Post," there are something like 20,000 country weeklies published in the United States, and nearly 2,000 dailies that can be called country. The country daily has especially enjoyed a new-found prosperity that, as a rule, is deserved. To a far greater extent than their city brethren they have improved in appearance and increased in opulence. Many of them are veritable gold mines. A look at the income-tax payments made by some of their owners makes even a well-paid city hired man sit up and wonder if he had been truly wise in lighting out for the metropolis. Like his large-town rival, the county-city publisher has abandoned in great measure any effort to influence his readers, and seldom antagonizes. The number of the one-paper towns is steadily growing, and that one paper is pretty sure to be a "pudding," in the parlance of the trade. Incomes of \$50,000 and \$100,000 a year accrue in numerous instances, while in larger inland cities the increment to the owner is often amazing. The owner of the New Haven "Evening Register" paid an income tax of \$132,000 in 1924, and a bigger one the year before. If his rivals in New Haven paid any, however, it is not visible through the microscope. Hartford and Providence each have an immensely profitable paper in the "Times" and the "Courant." Worcester supports another. Indeed, the lead in towns over 100,000 in population is something worth having. The smaller cities in New England do not yield as much as in New York, New Jersey, or the Middle West. Portland, Maine, has become a two-paper town, under one ownership, and that Republican. The Bangor "Commercial," once a powerful Democratic paper, after a brief complication with speculation in silver foxes, has become Republican. The Lewiston "Morning Sun" is left the only Democratic daily in the State. It is crisp and able. The Lewiston "Journal" holds the evening field, with exceptional editorial features written by Arthur G. Staples, but has lost the eagerness in news hunting that prevailed in the days of Frank and Nelson Dingley.

New York's up-State dailies are good. Some, like the Watertown "Times," edited by Harold B. Johnson, are exceptional. Hearst blights are on Albany, Rochester, and Syracuse. A strong chain has been built up by Frank E. Gannett with papers in Ithaca, Elmira, Rochester, Utica, and Newburgh. They are good papers and make money, but, like chain stores, enjoy advantages that are not shared by the communities in which they do business.

In Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, Vance C. McCormick has put the old "Patriot" to the fore, and this, with the Lancaster "Intelligencer," upholds Democratic ideals in the State. The Republican papers dominate elsewhere.

In Ohio the country dailies prosper amazingly, and there are nearly one hundred and fifty of them. Large towns, such as Youngstown, Cincinnati, and Cleveland, make great returns. Toledo, Dayton, and Akron follow.

Indiana has good papers at South Bend and Fort Wayne. The "News" of Indianapolis has long been the bible of the State. It is owned by the heir of Vice-President C. W. Fairbanks.

IN Michigan, Detroit is, of course, a metropolis, yet has but three newspapers—the amazingly profitable "News" in the evening, the "Free Press" in the morning, and the "Times," a Hearst outfit, running most of the time. This last represents in its growth the inability or unwillingness of Detroit to support a paper of good taste and moral spirit, which is what the "Times" was under its founder, James Schermerhorn, who struggled for nearly two decades against the tide. He invented the "Today" column, which Mr. Brisbane has appropriated to great advantage. Elsewhere in Michigan the Booth family newspapers lead in prosperity. They are usually one-paper-town enterprises, carefully managed on the financial side, circulated with meticulous skill, and of a tone that would not jar the most sensitive subscriber.

Milwaukee is well fed up on Hearst papers, morning and evening, but the independent "Journal" is the most prosperous, and Victor Berger keeps his So-

cialistic "Leader" alive and himself in Congress.

St. Paul has become a two-paper town under one ownership, and Minneapolis divides itself between the "Tribune" and the "Journal." The State has some good country dailies. While most of the papers are Republican, Minnesota is pretty independent, thanks to the Nordics.

Iowa journalism is rather slight in influence, but prosperous in results for its owners. Nebraska editors make little noise outside of Omaha. The "Bee," once always buzzing under Edward Rosewater, sticks close to the hive. Senator Hitchcock's "World-Herald" has some voice left.

Missouri does not furnish much pabulum outside of St. Louis. Here the "Post-Dispatch" adheres to the lines of Joseph Pulitzer and succeeds handsomely, and the "Globe-Democrat," following the course laid down by J. B. McCullagh, is also widely read. Much money has been spent by rivals of both, without avail in making headway.

Nevada is negligible in a newspaper sense. Portland, Oregon, is a two-paper town. Seattle has been partly captured by Hearst, though the Blethen "Times" stays strong in circulation and money-making. Mr. Hearst dominates San Francisco and challenges the "Times" in Los Angeles.

The Denver "Post" is the most energetic sheet in Colorado. It is bitterly condemned for personal journalism and often accused of blackmailing methods, but grows and thrives on its ill repute.

TURNING to the South, we find much to interest in newspaper development. The boom spots in Florida have developed amazing newspapers. Miami has two. The "Morning Herald" is one of the best-made papers in America in looks and matter, while former Governor James M. Cox, of Ohio, and later candidate for President, owns the "Evening News." It has recently moved into a fine building with a lofty tower rivaling the Campanile in Florence. This, lit up at night, has proved a boon to the bootleggers of Bimini in making a Florida landfall. Jacksonville once had good

papers, but Miami has taken away the palm.

In Alabama the Mobile "Register" succeeds under Northern ownership, while the Montgomery "Advertiser" remains the most important paper in the State. Louisiana furnishes little to review outside of New Orleans and Shreveport. Robert Ewing dominates these cities with the "States" and "Times." The "Times-Picayune" is alone in the New Orleans morning field, and is Northern-owned in the main. It is a good paper, but runs to make money. The "Evening Item," owned by Frederick M. Thompson, is also Northern in its ownership.

There is some Hearst in Texas. The Dallas and the Galveston "News" come the nearest to being real newspapers, both under the same control. Oil has boomed Fort Worth, and done much for the "Star Telegram."

Most of the Southern dailies preserve their initiative in the face of prosperity, and then in a region where it requires much courage to keep up steam. The Columbus, Georgia, "Enquirer-Sun," for example, makes bold pleas for justice for the Negro and justice to the lyncher. The Spartanburg, South-Carolina, "Journal" and its morning issue, the "Herald," are superior papers editorially in both matter and courage. The Columbia "State" is outstanding in its merits. In North Carolina the Charlotte "Observer" and the "News and Observer" of Raleigh are notable. The latter is edited by Josephus Daniels, late Secretary of the Navy. It makes a great deal of money and is a force behind the Church and prohibition in a whisky-drinking, gun-toting land.

Richmond, the capital of Virginia, is down to two newspapers—the "Dispatch" in the morning and the "News-Leader" in the evening. Mr. John Stewart Bryan, owner of the latter, holds to high ideals and has not suffered in consequence. The slashing editors of the old days are gone, and but little opinion is manufactured in what was once the capital of the South. Norfolk has rich papers, as becomes a commercial town. For the rest of the State the crop is poor and the output backward.

TURNING away from dailies, we find the country weekly still unchallenged in its field, though it would be hard to prove that it has progressed intellectually. The tendency has been away from efforts at influence, and in the direction of a closer chronicler of local news. Here it is invincible and invaluable. If it has lost in ability, it has increased in prosperity. Small communities are sensitive and resent criticism or sug-

gestion, such as the local editor once felt more free to give. The result is that he has become purely commercial in all but rare instances.

A few charges against the local windmill usually sobers the most valiant young editor. The puissant "leading citizen" soon teaches him his place. This was not always so, though often attempted. I recall with joy the reply made by my late friend Ervin Edwards, owner of the Greenwich "Graphic," and brother of the talented E. Jay Edwards, to the leading citizen who held a mortgage on his building. The L. C. was indignant over some matter of local policy. "If you are not careful," he roared, "you will have to print your rag in the street."

"Very well," answered Edwards, "I will print it in the street."

And he would have done so. It would probably have given him a lift in the community such as he never enjoyed before, but the L. C. cooled off.

The small towns, as a rule, do not respect the local papers as they should. The little locals are sniffed at with contempt. Slang names are employed in designating the useful publications. I know an excellent "Plaindealer" that is commonly alluded to as the "Painkiller," while "Bladder" is often opprobriously applied to the weeklies in many towns. I do not know why this is so, except that small towns contain more condensed cussedness than big ones. The newspaper is loyal to the community and everybody in it, but nobody feels any sense of loyalty to the newspaper. Most of them receive but \$1.50 a year from subscribers—less than three cents a copy for an amazing lot of information and convenience. They usually have to be clubbed into paying this, and when the Post Office rule requiring advance payment went into effect the country weeklies lost about twenty-five per cent of their readers.

A GOOD newspaper means a good town—if the people only knew it. The town expects the editor and the clergy to uphold its morals, but is shy about co-operating. The editor's innate sense of loyalty keeps him in the community's service, whether properly rewarded or not. He is true to his subscribers. I like this story in point told by Robert H. Davis, of the Munsey staff:

When a boy, he served as printer's devil in the office of the Carson, Nevada, "Appeal," of which his brother Sam was editor. Late one night, as they were rattling the modest edition off on the old Washington hand press, a shabby little man crept in and asked if there were any old clothes about that "a feller" might

have. The hooks in the rear office were full of garments discarded by tramp printers after picking up a couple of weeks' pay. He was told to help himself. Shortly he came back to the press side, comparatively transformed, and watched the operations of the clumsy machine curiously.

"What does the paper cost?" he asked. "Eight dollars a year."

He dug \$8 out of his pants' pocket and started to leave.

"Hold on," said the foreman. "Where do you want it sent?"

"I'll let you know," he replied, "when I git settled. I'm traveling."

He stepped out into the moonlight. In half an hour there was a clatter of hoofs and rattling of arms outside. In came the sheriff of Carson and a brace of deputies. Had the printers seen anything of a small man, half dressed and unshaven?

Little Bob was prompt to make reply:

"Yes. He was here half an hour ago."

"Which way did he go?"

Bob started to reply, giving the correct information.

"Shut up," said the foreman in his ear. "I'll attend to this."

He went on glibly to lay out a route for the stranger, just opposite to the one he had taken—down the main road to the Canyon.

The sheriff made it known that the visitor was Black Bart, a highwayman who had just escaped from the Nevada penitentiary, and rode away with his deputies—on the wrong trail.

"What did you lie to them for, Jim?" Bob asked the foreman.

"Hell!" he said. "You wouldn't go back on a subscriber, would you?"

If the subscribers would take the same attitude toward the editor, his lot would be easier. Here and there, however, a country weekly shows its head strongly enough to stand alone. The Norway, Maine, "Advertiser" is a sample success. It attends strictly to business. The Lyons, New York, "Republican" is another. Its editor, Charles H. Betts, has been able to serve the New York State Legislature, and with distinction, yet still retaining his hold upon his community. He has taken so active a part in politics as to severely test his newspaper. It has stood the strain by sheer ability. Not many editors have the time to do much distinctive writing. I have one in mind who can and does. He is Williston Manley, of the Canton, New York, "Plaindealer," who writes a "Rounder" column that would grace any publication, and is not afraid to say what he thinks.

The country field holds many opportunities where those shut out of higher activities by city consolidations can find

room and good livings. There must be a reaction in favor of more people and better living in the small towns and away from city congestion. Good roads and

automobiles are evening the flow of money throughout the land. Soon one spot will be about as good as another, and chances for success will be more

evenly distributed. In this the country paper will reap its deferred reward for doing so much for a community that the community is unable to do for itself.

Motherhood in a Democracy

By ETHEL WADSWORTH CARTLAND

A plea for children that would have delighted the heart
of Theodore Roosevelt

IN riding through a certain section of New England one comes upon a dirty mill village in a valley. It is just like a thousand others, except that in the center is a beautiful War Memorial Plaza with a magnificent drinking-fountain and a great towering mermaid. The contrast between the dirty tumble-down houses and yards and streets and the expensive town center, worthy of a city residential section, made me determine to inquire about it.

The trolley car takes us around through a stretch of pasture lands, and then brings us to the old and historic hilltop community which forms the other village of the town. Here the noble elms of the early residents now give distinction as well as shade to the streets. The colonial style of buildings is everywhere. The people are the cream of New England. The old place is fragrant with its traditions of early inventions, culture of the "sweetness and light" period, and historic characters.

On making inquiries, I find that the hill people rather begrudge the luxurious town-center in the dirty little village below them. It seems that the hill people own almost the entire land and property of the town except the mill property itself. They pay almost the whole taxes; and yet, since they were outnumbered in actual voters by the floating population of mill workers, the appropriation was made in a town meeting and, in spite of all opposition, put through, to be almost wholly paid for by the hill people's tax money.

I suppose it is taxation without representation, but there is nothing the hill people can do about it, and the worst is, that they will probably continue to be outnumbered and obliged to obey the dictates of that part of the voters who pay only poll taxes.

Yes, it is humiliating, especially so in the light of the past, when one considers the sweat and toil of the fathers, and grandfathers, and great-grandfathers, who made the town what it is, and their expectation that their descendants would

be the governing people of the town. And it is humiliating that people of education, refinement, and ability should be outvoted and overruled by the ignorant, crude, and even stupid. But this is a democracy! Unless these hill people are willing to submit to the rule of their inferiors they must change the present voting constituency, and that is what they have tried to do by ousting from their rents some of the least desirable citizens. This method is only a makeshift, and will always be uncertain and unsatisfactory.

IN a democracy the majority, whether ignorant or wise, must rule; and the ideal of a true democracy is that the opportunities and caliber of its citizens shall be so rich, so elevated, so upright, that that rule may be just, and therefore happy.

The people of the mill village had the majority of the citizens because their women bore more children.

The average number of children produced there would approximate eight. I say it to their credit!

The average number of children produced in the hilltop village would, I know from actual count, be no more than two, possibly less. The ideal fostered in their minds has been that it is better to have two highly gifted, richly endowed, thoroughly trained children than eight who must live plainly and self-denyingly and struggle for the necessities of life.

In the aristocracies of Europe this ideal would perhaps work no great calamity. There this ideal has coincided with the form of government, the rule of the few highly gifted and superior *élite*. But this ideal is exactly contrary to the necessities of our democracy, which demands a larger proportion of able citizens who in local and National Government must decide more and more complicated and difficult problems. Two well-educated and thoroughly trained voters cannot take the place of eight ignorant and poorly trained voters in a

democracy. When it comes to a show-down, the eight voters will manage everything that comes up to their satisfaction, and the outvoted two may just as well hand over the government to the eight. This is what is being done in many parts of the country to-day. The plaza and the fountain and the overwhelming mermaid may just stand as a monument to the folly of such an illogical and unnatural ideal.

SHOULD you interview the people on the hilltop in regard to the ideal American family, they will unfailingly indicate to you the small family. The American family means two children in fact, if not in theory. They will answer you with proud looks, "We intend to produce quality, not quantity!" And they feel that they are doing nobly. Meanwhile the people who believe in quantity are taking the lead in America because of the number of their votes. They gain in power every day.

In one of our big cities is a common situation in our American life. I know of a restaurant run by a Greek, next door to which a brother runs a confectionery store. Around the corner another of the brothers runs a grocery store. On this same street another brother runs four big three-decker tenements and an apartment-house. Another brother runs a fruit store, and sends out three carts to peddle fruits and vegetables. The father of these young men conducts a small steamship office and neighborhood bank. They do this all in concert and share the profits.

Contrast the power of this business alliance with the power of the one struggling little grocery store of the one child the neighboring American family has produced. In that same city is a chain of forty stores owned by six Irish brothers. In that same city five powerful, but unscrupulous, brothers work for one another and all the causes of immorality on the police force, fire department, and in the city government. For their factions in the city these family

groups secure almost anything they want, and the better class of foreign-born and native Americans are despised. Large families are a great power, either for good or evil.

On a corner in the residential section of this same city is the former home of one of our early American families. The house is stately and beautiful. The grounds comprise the loveliest of lawns, decked with rare and costly shrubs and flowers brought back by the former American owner from his travels abroad. In this home of former refinement and elegance live now a Slavic politician and his family of nine children. His ignorant, backward wife wears the dragging skirt of the peasant, always in black, and a boudoir cap and shawl when she appears on the street. The children rail at the American children and throw banana peels at them as they pass the corner. This family keeps a number of savage and noisy dogs which by barking at all hours of the night keep sick American women and hard-working men sleepless and nervous, but nothing can be done about it, as the father has political power through his brothers over the dog warden. In that city, as in many others elsewhere, the ignorant foreigners run the city government with an American figurehead, teach not only their own children in their own schools, but teach American children also in the public schools, and control all the lucrative and desirable positions. Try to imagine the added power of our institutions in that city if the better class of foreign-born and native American voters were in power through large families.

It is miraculous, except as one has faith in the big family, to see how these children of the tenements improve with education and training! Out of the poorest of these tenement homes come some remarkable characters, second to none. The places of work which the rich American boy now discards they gladly fill. They delightedly avail themselves of all the advantages our American people have furnished them. They monopolize the playgrounds, the city buildings, the parks, and the public facilities of every kind. Their chief characteristic seems to be an overweening ambition. Here are the coming leaders of America—the stalwart Pole, the swarthy Italian, the black-eyed Jew, the jolly Irish, the solemn Turk, and the slender Portuguese. See the groups of brothers! Here are five—here are six—here are seven—here are eight—here are nine—yes, here are ten! To say nothing of sisters! They will work and play together; they will marry, and have just as many children as possible, and all

America will be theirs some day, because they will have the *votes*. They will fight for one another while they are young, and through their business life, and even down to old age. There is nothing can beat their solidarity.

THE position of motherhood in our democracy is evidently a crucial one. Nowhere else in the whole world is the mother possessed of such leisure, such wealth, and such intelligent understanding of the requirements of maternity. One would naturally expect in this favored land motherhood would be extraordinarily exalted, and that we would raise larger and larger families, as quantity is logically so necessary in a democracy.

Nature favors a democracy. She favors a large family, and most often bestows the gift of genius there. I well remember the remark of a friend who had three children. She had written to me describing her two older children; then she came to the third. "And at last," she said, "I have a perfectly normal child." I knew a family of Irish parentage which included eight children; the first and the sixth were weaklings, the others were excellent. A family of German parentage included ten children; the second, fourth, fifth, and sixth were inferior, the rest superior. A family of English parentage included eight children. The first child was defective, the second and fourth were fair, but the others were unusually fine. A Scotch family of five showed the oldest boy nervous and delicate while young, and the others more vigorous and intelligent, especially the third and fifth children. I have selected these families to illustrate how the quality has improved with the quantity through nature, and not through culture.

It has been a matter of surprise to me in my reading of biography to see how often the men of genius have come from large families. Morse, inventor of the telegraph, was one of eleven children; Lord Kelvin was one of seven children; Thomas Carlyle came from a family of ten. Shakespeare, Hume, and Garfield were third children. Alexander the Great, Victor Hugo, and Henry Ward Beecher were third sons. Alfred the Great and Edwin Booth were fourth sons. Rembrandt and George Whitefield were sixth sons. Sir Walter Scott was the seventh in a family of twelve. Herschel, the astronomer, was fourth in a family of ten, and Caroline, his famous sister, was eighth. Richard Arkwright, the inventor of the factory system, and the poet Coleridge were the youngest in families of thirteen children. Back in

London in 1669 Susannah Annesley, the youngest of twenty-five children, was born. She married Samuel Wesley and bore him nineteen children, nine of whom died in infancy. Notice, all you who had been deluded by the small-family ideal, that of the ten children who lived to maturity the youngest of the nineteen became the great Charles Wesley, known wherever Christian hymns are sung, and his brother John, only five years older, became, as we know, the father of Methodism. Josiah Franklin, himself the youngest child of a large family, came to America with his wife and three children. Here he had fourteen more children, the youngest of whom, the seventeenth, he named Benjamin.

Why multiply names? Had we had larger families, we should have had more of genius to our credit, as well as more citizens of the highest quality. I am convinced that American mothers of the past two generations would have given us more children but for the spread of this fallacy of quality *versus* quantity, and there is new cause for alarm in the fact that our better class of immigrants gradually adopt this American attitude. "I dread to have more children, and I do not intend to have," said a fine-appearing, well-educated Hungarian mother to me. "I intend to do well by my children." Her two children are splendid types; the equal of any in health, looks, and intelligence. Her husband is a college man. As an American woman, she expected my approval of this sentiment. "I couldn't think of having another child—our Bennie takes all my time," said a lovely young Hebrew mother to me. "I want him to have the best of everything." Her husband is a professional man, and they have a beautiful home, plenty of money, and excellent health. Both parents were themselves children from large families; but they wish to be American in everything, and this is one of the ways they are trying. Just as the people of the hilltop village lost control politically to the more ignorant but prolific, so these leading foreign-born citizens of ours lose influence among the people of their own race—their money and power are voted away by their inferiors.

WHAT is your answer, American women, to democracy's challenge? She demands that you leave the production of genius to nature, who alone can bestow it, and strive to produce such a quantity of citizens of average ability that the Government shall certainly rest with a higher type of people in all future years.

Independent Indianapolis

The Unsold Capital of Indiana

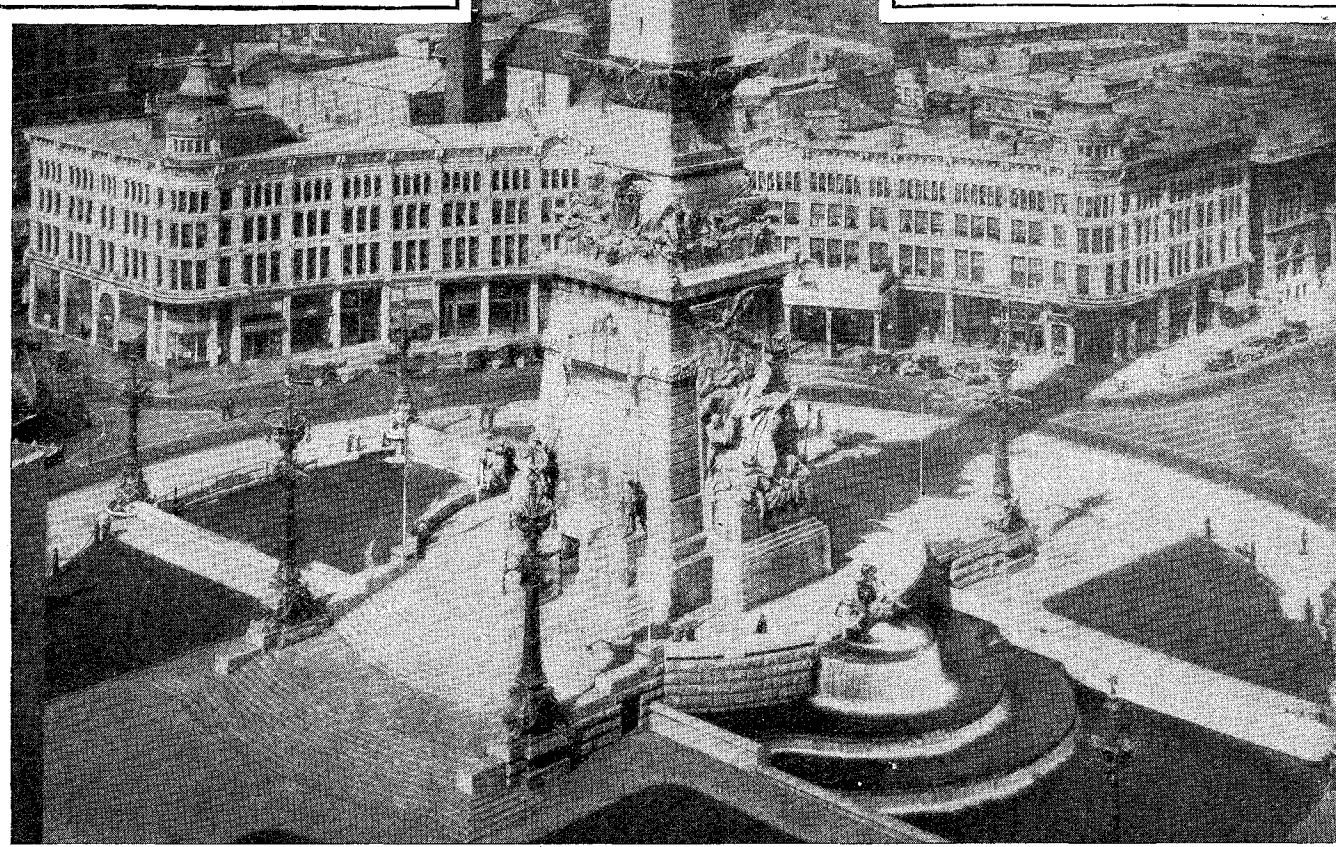
By GEORGE MARVIN

OMAR BUNDY, a Hoosier general, commanded the Second Division A. E. F. in that affair at Château Thierry, which first made the German High Command realize the fighting value of a nation they had supposed commercialized beyond active belligerency. Bundy knew that his troops were not good enough to retreat in the face of the mobile artillery and effective infantry dispositions of the Prussian advance. By all the rules he should have retreated. He ignored the rules, and his reversal of sound military policy, sound tactics, and the sound strategy of Corps Headquarters took the German battle machinery completely by surprise. It "wasn't cricket" to do what Bundy did. He made his stand and, finding the going good, went ahead and won what the "Old Kaspars" of the home country are already describing to many "little Peterkins" as "a famous victory." All victories in retrospect are subject to the cross-fire of conflicting authorities and

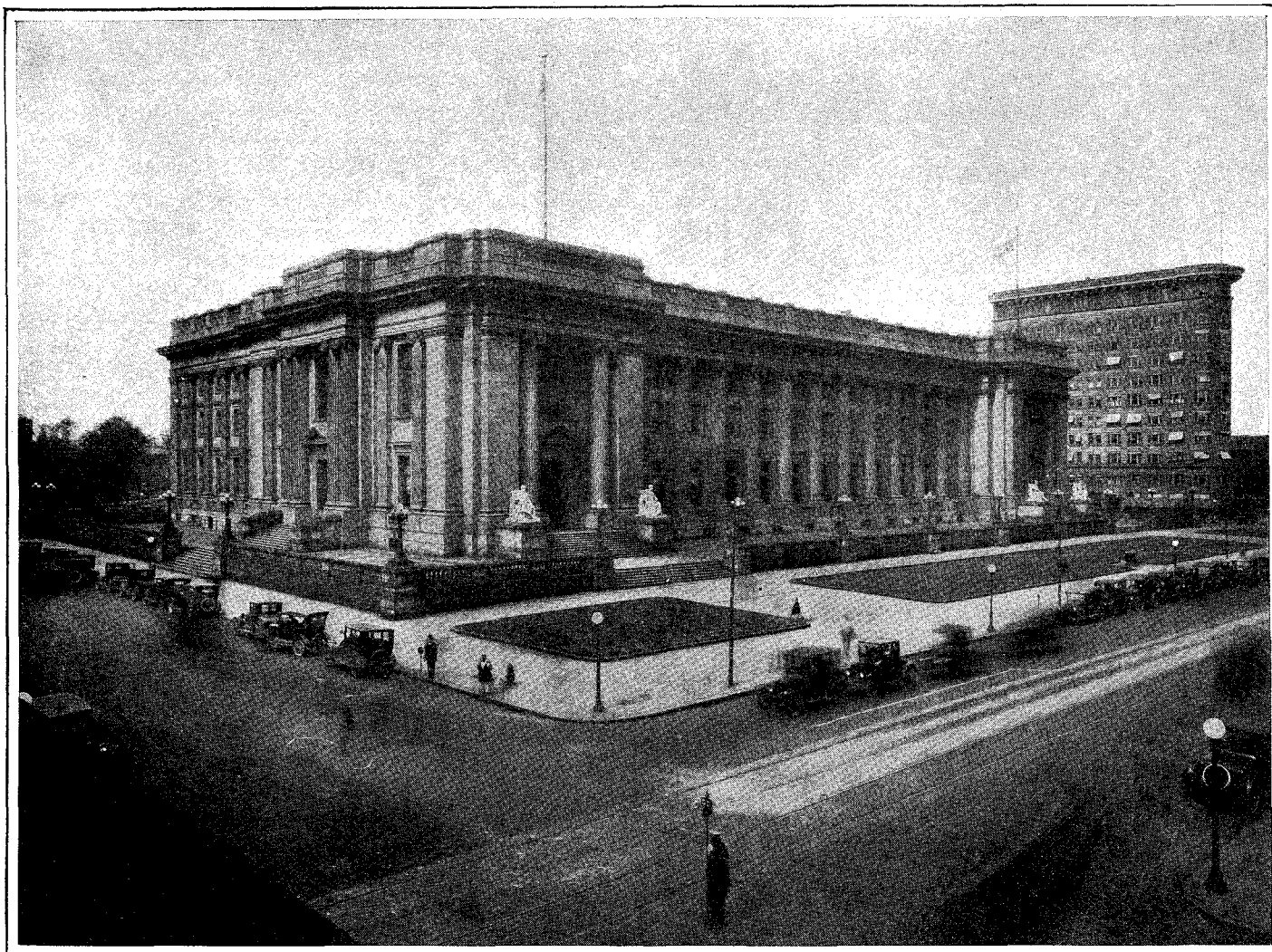
historians; but this, at all events, is what Indiana, his native State, thinks about Omar Bundy.

A corresponding and refreshing independence distinguishes the capital of Indiana. Boosters and promoters will tell you that Indianapolis is one of the hardest communities in the country wherein to put things over or across. And rueful salesmen whose jobs depend upon volume of merchandising complain that, although Indianapolis retailers will buy what they want or need, you can't "sell them" on anything. The Hoosier drug-gist obstinately persists in providing his customers with what they honestly want rather than filling his shelves with stuff that National advertising campaigns tell them they ought to want. In the Hoosier city of James Whitcomb Riley somehow folks don't fall for everything that comes along. The go-getter goes here more often than he gets. Collectively and individually Indianapolis is unsold.

And yet the sun shines on this city



Indianapolis's Place Vendôme. The Soldiers and Sailors' Monument, commemorating the part taken by an especially militant and patriotic community in all the wars of the Union



Indianapolis Post Office and Federal Buildings

Indianapolis is not sold on selling. One of the few American cities which does not throw all of its municipal eggs into the one basket of size. A strong sense of proportion, of reasonable content, of quality in municipal achievement, and of relative values make this one of the hardest American communities in which to put anything and everything over

nearest of all big cities to the center of population in the United States. Without saying much about it, the capital of Indiana comes pretty close to St. Louis in being the center of most things exploitably United Statesian. On the charts provided by the local commercial bodies places like St. Louis, Chicago, Cleveland, and Memphis look like way stations in the radial lines converging on the *polis* of Indiana or appear sub-urbanly on the edges of congested areas of grain-growing, mineral deposits, commercial timbers, and manufacturing industries. Lots of other thriving cities build their commercial claims on a thinner substratum of fact.

All the more commendable, therefore, is the healthy attitude of mind that most of the citizens of this boostable municipality maintain about themselves and their home town. Astonishing as it must seem, they would rather *be* than either boost or boom. They say, these Indianapolis, that they make enough money their own way and they get a lot more fun out of it than people seem to be getting out of noisier neighborhoods. The President of the Chamber of Commerce,

who imports coffee from Brazil for a living, goes down to Brazil to see how his commodity is grown and exported, and has the independent nerve to question New York's port primacy when founded on inefficient terminal facilities. Three times a week, in the warm weather, he knocks off work early in the afternoon to play polo with his two grown sons—and he plays good polo. The general secretary of his Chamber, an aviation colonel in the war, inspires belief in the industrial future of his city by moderate statement and a generous concession—foreign to many chambers—of some advantages in other localities. The editor of the Indianapolis "News" is just as independent in his judgment of civil values as Omar Bundy was in his estimate of the military situation. He says that he and the rest of his staff and the people who read his newspaper get more kick—actually more interest—out of the "News's" better-house-building project than they do out of bathing-beauty contests. He considers his sponsorship of a city plan to provide demonstrations of dwelling-house and landscape architecture, interior decoration and arrange-

ment, and the practical advantage of ever newer domestic conveniences is a solid investment in civics; by contrast the bathing-beauty idea is bald and free motion-picture, hotel and resort, and personal advertising. One kind of publicity tends to build up, the other shatters, homes. One strengthens the social fabric; the other is a social upset as contagious as other communicable diseases. It takes some independence to think like that; it takes a whole lot more to come out in the open and actively sponsor such original thinking. Declarations of any kind of journalistic independence are apt—though not always—to hit circulation and estrange advertising. It is mutually indicative of clear thinking on the part of people and paper that the "News" and its policies independently thrive in Indianapolis.

The \$200,000 necessary to finance the building, decoration, and landscaping of the five residences sponsored by the "News" were easily raised by the interested parties. When the continuing exhibition and explanation were opened in October, popular support at once substantiated the investment from the many

different points of view of those interested in its contributing ventures. And at the same time equally earnest floaters of bigger schemes fared very badly. In Indianapolis the bull market discounts "the bull." It is hard to get huge lists of subscribers to development or exploitation schemes within the corporate limits, and almost impossible to get a heart-beat for such foreign inflations as Florida. "Drives" get exhausted and drop in their traces. And this very unusual—and, it may be, commendable—state of mind is the reason for what some sales managers might call general apathy.

In this city the man with thirty, forty, or fifty thousand dollars acquired by honest industry is apt to be satisfied. In the midday or the early evening of life he wants to buy himself a livable place in the country, put his surplus in safe, low per cent bonds, and educate his children. He wants to go on working, but at a more leisurely pace, which is part of the earnings of his youthful effort. He does not characteristically buy land in distant swamps nor liquidate everything and flivver to southern California. For him relative values are not obscured by prosperity; he does not capitalize "progress." Just because some one, orally or in full-page spreads, tells him a certain thing is thus and so, that the Joneses are all using or wearing or doing it, doesn't make that thing or style or project necessarily desirable or useful for him.

Well, you take some thousands of citizens thinking like this, and, what is much more important, living consistently with their thinking, and you are apt to get a fairly robust and independent public

opinion. And this public opinion expresses itself in ways which support the belief that Americanism is something that cannot altogether be sold. For example, the plan adopted for the city of Indianapolis was largely influenced by the plan of the National capital at Washington. The same engineer, Alexander Ralston, assisted in surveying the capital of Indiana, located, by the intersection of all diagonals, at the exact geographical center of the State. And at the very center of this Versailles spider-web of radial avenues and rectangular streets rises the Indiana State Soldiers and Sailors' Monument.

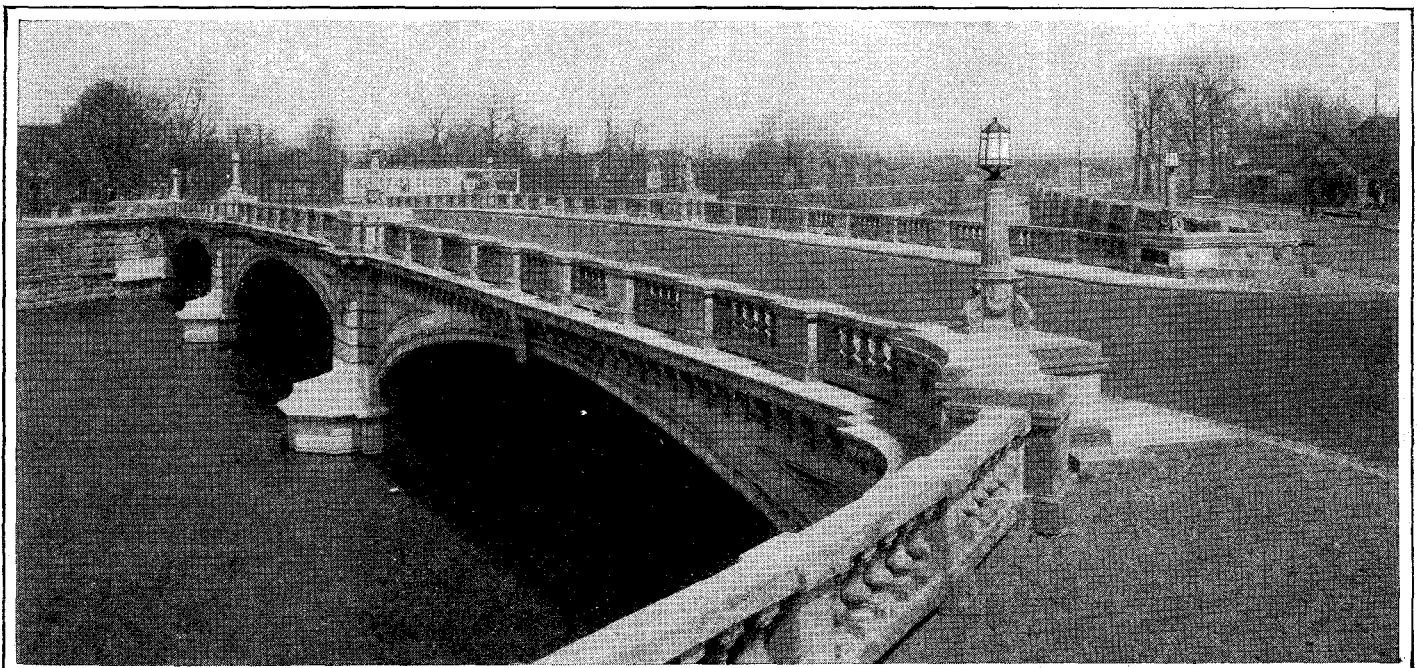
This, with its flanking fountains and the wide Circle, with bordering buildings architected concavely round it, is the Place Vendôme of Indianapolis. Commemorating Indiana's contribution to all the wars of this independent Union of States—except the very last and greatest World War—its dignity has a touch of the foreign in it; the high column and the Circle, planted in the very bull's-eye of business, keep nevertheless a detachment like that in reverent places of older civilizations. Foch and Joffre, Marshals of France, caught this aroma of age; foreigners being ballyhooed round the city are apt to let the Belt Line, the plants, and the speedway go by cold, and then warm to the familiar beauty of Monument Circle.

Realizing the value of this architectural point, a number of alert Indianans got a measure introduced to appropriate \$20,000 for illuminating the monument. They were going to focus a battery of terrific searchlights upon it, as the ancient Alamo is bedizened out of the

kindly night of San Antonio and Niagara Falls is made a nightly portent of green and orange, blue and red exploiting. But Indianapolis defeated the bill. Old Colonel Oran Perry, the Civil War veteran superintendent who sells visitors tickets to be carried up in the elevator by another veteran the 284 feet of shaft to its summit, said "they weren't going to commercialize his monument." And the independent citizens of Indianapolis felt the same way about it.

A tapering spire at one point in the periphery of Monument Circle stands up as another mark of civic independence. Old Christ Church, ivy-grown and lawn-surrounded, stubbornly holds its own on one of the most valuable "undeveloped" plots of real estate in the city with something of the fortitude with which old Trinity commands Wall Street in New York. It hasn't been possible to boost Christ Church out of the business heart of the city, any more than it is possible to boost the healthful spirit of grace out of the hearts of unselfish people.

A city differentiated by people of this kind from the standardized trend of things dependently American might be expected to do something independent in the way of a Great War memorial. That is precisely what they have done, although the people of the county and the State have joined with them in dedicating seven whole blocks of State, county, and city property in the center of the municipality to the most extensive and the most expensive of altars raised by a peace-loving people to honor war. Indiana takes itself very seriously as a war State, and the seriousness appropriately focuses in the capital. They say it has



Bridges over the White River as beautiful as those spanning the Seine at Paris. Indianapolis spends a lot of time and money trying to build a city wherein one may contentedly live while making a living

always been the first of the States to furnish its full quota in every war. The first shot in the Great War was fired by a Hoosier; the first soldier killed overseas was an Indiana volunteer—so runs the rubric. It is a clear matter of record that the first call in this State in 1917 was almost completely filled by volunteers. Indiana did not wait for the draft. The military spirit has always run strong in this commonwealth, and the military spirit emanates from the impulse of giving. You cannot sell it. It is an ingredient of the kind of Americanism that doesn't express itself on billboards.

One sound reason for the prevalence of the independent military spirit is that Indiana has always been comparatively a small neighborhood State like Kansas. Everybody knows everybody else. Nobody is appallingly rich, and there is a corresponding scarcity of objects for charity. Indianapolis has been colonized very largely from other smaller towns in Indiana. Just as it was customary to say that there were more Germans in Milwaukee than in Munich or more "Wops" in New York than in Naples, so you may say, with an even greater measure of truth, there are more Terre Haute folks in Indianapolis than in Terre Haute.

With this military tradition and independent mentality it seems appropriate that Indianapolis should be the National headquarters of the American Legion. The Legion building, dedicated on July 7 last year (1925), is the only completed edifice in the architectural scheme of the Memorial plaza to be grouped round a proposed central shrine in the form of a tremendous *campanile*. In it are housed the administrative offices of Legion headquarters and the Council Room, where, as in a small senate, forty-eight desks are inscribed in gold with the names of the States and several others with the designations of the dependencies and Territories—Porto Rico, Philippine Islands, Hawaii, Alaska, and the Panama Zone—which sent their contingents to fight with the A. E. F. Sitting once a year together there, the military delegates of all the constituent semi-independent Americas that owe allegiance to the Stars and Stripes face the symbolic battle painting by Reni-Mel called "America."

The Legion in Indianapolis had the good luck to be officered by the substantial men in the community. These men had the independent courage to stand out against the State bonus. They were the representatives of a volunteer, rather than a draft, citizenship, and as such they were "unsold" on the idea that able-

"A cut above the ordinary"

IF, LIKE MOST MEN, your taste runs to Turkish Blend cigarettes and you are seeking one a cut above the ordinary because of the finer grades of tobacco it contains, then learn from Fatima *what a whale of a difference just a few cents make*



LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

THE man from up North came in especially to tell us: "I have been a reader of The Outlook for many years, but I confess I was surprised at the extraordinary courtesy and thoughtfulness of your Travel Bureau in answering my inquiries and making reservations for me."

Hotel and Travel Bureau

THE OUTLOOK, 120 East 16th Street, New York

We offer the same kind of plus-service to all our readers. How may we help you with your travel plans? By the way, it's time to begin definite arrangements for Europe next summer! Ask us anything about tours or independent trips.

bodied and able-minded survivors of a war not fought for gain or aggrandizement should be subsidized for their love of country. Accordingly, these men took counsel together how best to get away and keep away from the bonus idea and put in its place something substantially enduring for the whole community—something to be proud of. The local Legion then began this high cause, and the compelling shove came with the coupling up of the general municipal move for a worthy memorial to the Legion's standard. Several cities claim the "low-down" on foreign-born influence, but it is safe to say that Indianapolis

stands in the first rank of integrated citizenship; it had also the local physical lay-out with two exceptionally fine municipal buildings—the Library and the Federal Building—at either end of a condemnable Mall requiring a big sacrifice of real estate values to condemn it for unprofitable-in-dollars-and-cents patriotic use. And it had the condition of mind belonging to the independent capital of a war State proud of its patriotism.

The State of Indiana may not, under provisions of the Constitution, assume bonded indebtedness, and the money for this patriotic undertaking had therefore to be raised by taxation direct.

It was so raised. Indianapolis isn't the only capital that excites general rural apprehension about appropriations for urban or metropolitan expenditure. The Memorial measure had to be fought through a Legislature that wanted to be shown. It was so fought. All the newspapers in the city and most of those in the State got behind a measure involving ten million dollars to be raised by taxes. In the phraseology of salesmanship, the whole community is "sold on it" now. It would be more in accordance with the facts and with the independent personality of an unsold city to say that Indianapolis is given to it now.

The Book Table

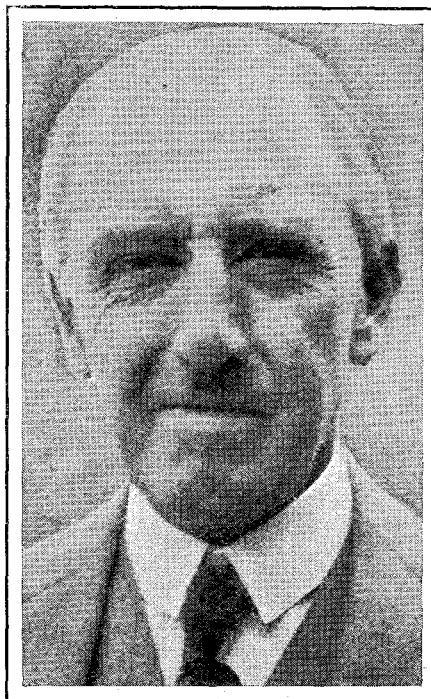
Edited by EDMUND PEARSON

The Fletcher Cult

By JAMES L. FORD

THE news that J. S. Fletcher has inaugurated the new year with a novel¹ from his pen will cheer the hearts of a great army of readers. I discovered long ago that detective and mystery stories appealed with peculiar force to men engaged in intellectual pursuits—clergymen, statesmen, lawyers, and doctors—and that nearly all of these were devotees of the Fletcher cult. Therefore in one respect, at least, I am of the intellectual class, for I simply live from Fletcher to Fletcher and have made a close study of his style and his method of first creating and then carrying on through a series of chapters of equal length a tale that grows in interest until the very last page. There is character study in his work too, and a love of nature and of the picturesque and charming phases of the English country. When he describes a village inn and mentions the good things to eat and drink that the landlord sets before his guests, I always wish that I might spend a week-end there.

In just such an inn Mr. Fletcher lays the scene of the first chapter of his new novel, and here two of his principal characters have a clandestine meeting and sit down to a meal of the sort that the author knows so well how to describe. I confess to a slight sense of chagrin when I realized that one of these characters was a German of the polite spy type so frequently encountered during the war and the other a handsome young Englishwoman of good birth who had some-



J. S. Fletcher

how fallen under his spell. I feared that the author had retrograded and was about to spring upon us a conventional tale of espionage with a possible ending on the battlefield. As portrayed by Mr. Fletcher, Otto Von Roon was a German of the most polished type, handsome, well groomed, and of distinguished bearing. One could easily imagine him capable of obtaining a strong hold on Mrs. Hilda Tressingham, the sister of an impoverished English nobleman, and herself floundering in a sea of debt. During the meal we learn the purpose of the

clandestine meeting to which Von Roon has summoned the other. There is to be an election in a near-by town, and he wishes her to help the cause of a young manufacturer who holds office as Civil Lord of the Admiralty. She must render herself indispensable to him, promote his interests in every possible way, and be in a position to procure from him something which Von Roon ardently desires.

Mrs. Tressingham, who is possessed of other qualities besides beauty and charm, plays her part in the campaign with such skill that young Ellington is returned to Parliament while his wife falls under the spell of the elder woman. Mrs. Tressingham rents her brother's town house to them, herself renovates it in a tasteful manner, and then installs as Mrs. Ellington's maid a woman named Parmenter whom she has often employed in a confidential capacity.

About this time we are introduced to the Amaranth Club, ostensibly a fashionable supper club of the kind with which London has long defied the Early Closing Act, and no sooner have we passed its portals than the interest of the tale quickens and we realize that this is something more than a mere rehash of espionage fiction. The Amaranth is a proprietary club, founded, owned, and managed by one Barthelemy, an admirably drawn type of the smooth and polished alien, evidently of no particular land or race, but thoroughly at home in the smart London world from which he draws his clients. It would be difficult to imagine anything more decorous in the way of supper clubs than the Amaranth. Its proprietor slavishly obeys every municipal law devised for the control of institutions such as his. Situated in a

¹The Amaranth Club. By J. S. Fletcher. Alfred A. Knopf, New York. \$2.

quiet street where there is but little passing, it might easily be taken for a private house. Its doors open at eleven o'clock at night, and at precisely two o'clock the last of its members depart in accordance with the strict law under which it operates. Its members are men of fashion and the females of their species; barristers, statesmen, and a few actors and actresses. There is no gambling within the walls of the club, but the adjacent house is the private residence of its proprietor, and on its upper floor, connected by a well-hidden door with the club proper, high play is carried on until an early hour in the morning. For the benefit of those players who continue at the green table until after the rest of London has had its breakfast, the house beyond Mr. Barthelemy's, nominally used for medicated baths, affords a means of egress.

Both Von Roon and Mrs. Tressingham are members of the Amaranth, and the latter is a constant gambler, and, of course, a losing one too. Von Roon, to whom she is already indebted, suggests a way out of her difficulties. On a certain day, the exact date of which he will apprise her in due time, Ellington will have in his possession for a short time a copy of an official document in which the policy of the British Admiralty and the future disposition of the fleets will be distinctly outlined. A very few copies of this document will be typewritten and distributed in the greatest secrecy among the officials for whom it was designed. Each one of these men will be cautioned not to permit his copy to be seen, as its importance is such that it might upset the peace of Europe were its contents to be made known. Von Roon tells Hilda that if she can put Ellington's copy into his hands for the brief space of an hour he will pay her five thousand pounds in cash. Of course, she knows that even in considering such a disloyal proposal she is doing a discreditable as well as a dangerous thing, and that if her complicity in the affair is ever discovered she risks her reputation, her social position, and a long term of imprisonment. In fact, to be found out would prove her finish.

In the account of how the clever and unscrupulous Englishwoman sets about the difficult task assigned to her by a man who is obviously an enemy to her country we see Mr. Fletcher at his best. Ellington and other members of his family have by this time become suspicious of Hilda Tressingham, and it is no easy matter for her to smuggle herself into the house on the one night when the Civil Lord of the Admiralty is to have in his possession the important document. To accomplish her purpose Hilda em-

ploys the maid Parmenter, and through her corrupts the butler, who sleeps in the pantry adjacent to the side door through which entrance is to be obtained. The manner in which the document is abstracted and passed through the window to the waiting German, the discovery of Hilda in the library, not only by Ellington but by his sister also, and the unexpected lie with which Hilda in a later scene defies her accusers are all graphically described.

In fairness to author and publisher, both of whom deserve consideration at the hands of the reviewer, I shall not go further into detail, except to say that the finale is as unexpected and thrilling as one might look for in a story by this supreme artist in the unexpected.

I have this complaint to make, however—that the story is lacking in those charming descriptions of the English country, of the picturesque inns, the bountiful food and drink, and the obsequious landlords which usually impart a peculiar charm to the Fletcher novels. Not even the description of the London supper club with its fashionable clients and smooth-tongued proprietor can atone for this lack of the feature to which devotees of the Fletcher cult have long been accustomed.

I may add, however, that "The Amaranth Club" has one virtue which it shares with all its predecessors from the same gifted pen, although it is a quality of which, despite its importance, reviewers seldom take note—it reads aloud well.

Fiction

THUNDER ON THE LEFT. By Christopher Morley. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. \$2.

From the general tone of dinner-table conversation this past month, it would appear a waste of time to urge any one to read this book. "Thunder on the Left" seems destined to be one of the things to talk about for some time to come, and we can only add to that chorus now rising in praise of it.

Barring the first and last chapters, where the ramifications of Mr. Morley's celebrated whimsy successfully eluded us, the story is a simple and lovely one of a little boy who wished, on a birthday cake, that he should never grow up, and how, twenty years later, with the body of a man, but seeing as a child and thinking as a child, he returns to the same house, and finds the other children, grown up, married, and in business, assembled for a house party. This gives Morley his chance for much shrewd comment on life and love, humanity, house-keeping, sandwiches, and the bringing up of children.

"Through the scooped hollow of the

dunes, catching tawny sparks from the sand, violet dazzles from the sea, the cleansed radiance of sunset came pouring in. The children's bare legs splashed in brightness as though they were paddling; honey-colored light parted and closed about their ankles, the wet shadows dripped and trailed about their feet. The house, growing dusky, was a dyke stemmed in the onset of that pure flood. It caught and held as much darkness as it could, the rest went whirling out. As if in answer to the little croquet bell, the old clock in the hall whirled and jangled six hoarse clanking strokes."

It is good that there are still those to make such effective use of the language of our fathers, without recourse to the clichés of Freud or the small talk of the stoke-hold.

Science

WHY WE BEHAVE LIKE HUMAN BEINGS. By George A. Dorsey. Harper & Brothers, New York. \$3.50.

"Why We Behave Like Human Beings" was written by an anthropologist who is keenly interested in everything *human*. The author was formerly Professor of Anthropology at the University of Chicago, and his combination of attainments fits him to write such a book as this is—that is, "complete" in the sense that it covers all the various 'ologies that surround the subject of man.

Man is a biological product—and more. We cannot even explain the basic facts of biology yet; but the reader who finishes Dr. Dorsey's interesting new book will have a pretty clear idea of the various leading biological theories.

"Any science which holds itself aloof from life, and nowhere comes in contact with human beings, is as dry as a prayer for rain, for the purposes of this book"—this gives the keynote in the author's own words, and explains why some people who tend to dislike science will like Dr. Dorsey's humanized science. The author has confined his writing strictly to the authentic. It is a safe guide.

Travel

THE ARISTOCRATIC WEST. By Katharine Fullerton Gerould. Harper & Brothers, New York. \$3.50.

"By aristocratic Mrs. Gerould means the Far West," explain her publishers. The explanation lacks something in lucidity. It is practically equivalent to saying, "By Far West Mrs. Gerould means the Far West." Mrs. Gerould herself is in no doubt as to what she means. Her "own belated guess" is that the citizens who come nearest to being civilized according to authentic American tradition are to be found west of the Rocky Mountains, between San Francisco Bay and the Strait of Juan de

Fuca" (which separates the State of Washington from the island of Vancouver). Her conception of aristocratic feeling is "that doctrine of freedom, that conception of personal dignity [which] still mold the western mind and manner. There is neither Gotham nor Gopher Prairie between the Missouri and the Pacific, unless you count Los Angeles a Gopher Prairie that longs to be a Gotham"—a remark which goes to show that Mrs. Gerould has not discarded her customary tartness in assuming an unwonted enthusiasm. And we are very glad that she has not. Without it there would be no chapter on Reno and the divorcées, nor explanation of why "really charming people" on the coast almost "spit or 'make horns'" (her own pleasing phrases) when Iowa, Kansas, or Illinois are mentioned. The illustrations, which are from drawings in crayon, are so good that one wishes it were possible to make out the name of the artist.

TEMPLE BELLS AND SILVER SAILS. By Elizabeth Crump Enders. D. Appleton & Co., New York. \$3.

This book is a better and more facile piece of work than the average traveler's surface impressions. It is, in fact, excellent journalism, though it lacks the distinction and individual point of view of fine prose, and is often consciously flowery. Still there are places, like the chapter on the Great Wall, when the author does feel her atmosphere. If she has not gone profoundly to the bottom of China's life and future, she has given a current racy account of the more unusual of that country's shrines and customs. Travelers going on a first visit to the Orient will find "Temple Bells" pleasant and casual reading.

Religion

THE LITTLE CHURCH AROUND THE CORNER. By George MacAdam. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. \$3.50.

If America has no Sistine Chapel or St. Paul's or Notre Dame, she has a "Little Church Around the Corner." During the three-quarters of a century of its existence the little shrine has made a unique place for itself in our affections and traditions. This book effectively tells its story, which is largely the story of its two rectors. "The two Houghtons, uncle and nephew, were the Little Church; their biographies are its history." The elder, at the beginning of his priesthood, determined to establish a parish among the poor of New York. While a hired room on Twenty-fourth Street was still being used for worship, the young priest and his handful of followers incorporated "the Church of the Transfiguration." The rest followed. Land was bought, the first building was

done—a fragment gradually added to without fixed architectural plan. The final product was the sprawling, odd, homelike little pile which became known as "the Little Church Around the Corner." How it made its place in the community, how it became an asylum for the distressed, a sort of cathedral for actors, a carefully guarded Gretna for humble lovers, is well told in these pages. Not least extraordinary was the sentimental hold it obtained over the larger American public, as witnessed by its continued popularity on the stage and on the screen. Its simple name has been good enough as title for one of the most successful plays, and, later, one of the most popular movies put forth in America.

Politics and Government

INTERNATIONAL ECONOMIC POLICIES. By William Smith Culbertson. D. Appleton & Co., New York. \$3.50.

The author is a member of the United States Tariff Commission. In this book he discusses the major economic factors in international relations. He examines tariffs and commercial treaties and analyzes commercial policies. He shows how the science of government has failed to develop so as to keep pace with material progress, with the result that it is not fully capable of controlling the new destructive tendencies. He pleads for international co-operation and indicates the principles in accordance with which that co-operation should be organized. He has written a scholarly and instructive book; but to understand it one must "intend the mind."

The War

TRUE TALES OF THE D. C. I. By Karl W. Detzer, Captain Infantry, A. E. F. The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis. \$2.

By "D. C. I." is meant the Division of Criminal Investigation of the American Expeditionary Force, France. Captain Detzer had charge of the work of that division in the American Embarkation Area after the Armistice. As many as a hundred thousand troops would be in this area at one time, and of course the circumstances were peculiarly favorable to the efflorescence of criminal talent, whereof, to the glory of our Nation, a great deal discovered itself, challenging, not too unfavorably, comparison with the most malodorous Gallic product. Captain Detzer has selected from a vast mass of material what best lent itself to dramatic effect and has given us eighteen true narratives more lurid and strange than most fiction dealing with like matter. He has handled his fascinating material creditably, if not brilliantly; the book is readable and also valuable as a document. 'Tis a pity the rascal fringe

of all human societies (officers as well as men adorn these pages) should be so considerable; but there you are.

Notes on New Books

THAMYRIS; OR, IS THERE A FUTURE FOR POETRY? By R. C. Trevelyan. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. \$1.

One of the series of little books, with titles from the Greek, discussing contemporary questions—literary, political, and scientific.

PARIS; OR, THE FUTURE OF WAR. By Captain B. H. Liddell Hart. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. \$1.

Another of the same series. This essay, by a soldier, on warfare of the future, evidently takes its title, not from the capital of France, but from that Prince of Troy who was a far greater lover than soldier.

YOUTH'S ADVENTURE. By Allan A. Hunter. D. Appleton & Co., New York. \$1.25.

Essays on the so-called "Youth Movement."

A BOOK OF CLOUDS. By William A. Quayle. The Abingdon Press, New York. \$2.50.

A book by Bishop Quayle on the admiration of nature. Beautifully illustrated with many half-tones from photographs of natural scenery.

NIAGARA IN POLITICS. By James Mavor. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. \$2.

A critical account of the Ontario Hydro-Electric Commission.

POLITICAL CHANGES IN MASSACHUSETTS, 1824-1848. By Arthur B. Darling. The Yale University Press, New Haven. \$4.

A detailed study of liberal movements in politics by an Assistant Professor of History at Yale.

EDUCATION AS WORLD-BUILDING. By Thomas Davidson. The Harvard University Press, Cambridge. \$1.50.

DOORWAYS IN DRUMORTY. By Lorna Moon. The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis. \$1.50.

Stories of Scotland.

REALITY IN WORSHIP. By Willard L. Sperry. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$2.50.

A study of public worship and private religion.

THE "TEDDY" EXPEDITION. By Kai R. Dahl. Translated by Grace Isabel Colbron. D. Appleton & Co., New York. \$3.

The voyage of the schooner "Teddy" to Greenland and her loss in 1923.

BRITISH DRAMA. By Allardyce Nicoll. The Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York. \$3.

A historical survey from the origins to modern times.

JOAN AND NANCY. By Archibald Marshall. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. \$2.

The story of two girls for girls.

PORTRAITS OF A HALF CENTURY. By Samuel L. Powers. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. \$3.

Recollections, by a lawyer and a member of Congress, of politics in Massachusetts and of Presidents and Congressmen in Washington.

HIGHLIGHTS OF HISTORY. By J. Carroll Mansfield. The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis.

Pictures with running text illustrating events in American history from 1492 to 1763.

BIGGER AND BETTER. By Don Herold. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. \$2.

Essays in humor.

ISRAEL. By Ludwig Lewisohn. Boni & Live-right, New York. \$3.

A plea for sympathy with the Jew and an argument against anti-Semitism.

THE OLD FRANCISCAN MISSIONS OF CALIFORNIA. By George Wharton James. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. \$2.

New edition of a book first published in 1913.

SPIRITUAL GRAVITY OF THE COSMIST. By Willis Luther Moore. The Spiritual Gravity Press, Pasadena, California. \$2.50.

ACCORDING TO SAINT JOHN. By Lord Charnwood. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. \$3.50.

On the authorship of the Gospel according to St. John.

NEW YORK, AND OTHER POEMS. By Mary Dixon Thayer. Dorrance & Co., Philadelphia. \$1.75.

By the author of "Songs of Youth."

Financial Department

Conducted by WILLIAM LEAVITT STODDARD

The Financial Department is prepared to furnish information regarding standard investment securities, but cannot undertake to advise the purchase of any specific security. It will give to inquirers facts of record or information resulting from expert investigation, and a nominal charge of one dollar

per inquiry will be made for this special service. The Financial Editor regrets that he cannot undertake the discussion of more than five issues of stocks or bonds in reply to any one inquirer. All letters should be addressed to THE OUTLOOK FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT, 120 East 16th Street, New York, N. Y.

The "Blue Sky" Situation

BARRETT WENDELL, JR., chairman of the Securities Law Committee of the Investment Bankers Association, tells this interesting story in a report of his committee:

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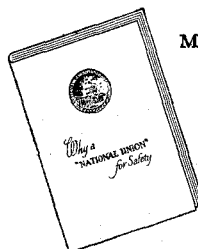
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sioner that this could not be worth less than nothing and if thrown out had no material effect on the security of the bond issue. The commission, however, did not view it in this light. It demanded an itemized account of this \$100,000. After months of delay and effort, the investment banker presented figures which analyzed this item down to one general item involving \$900. Did this satisfy the commission? Not at all—it demanded an itemization of this \$900. During all these months, long after the bonds were marketed, the dealer who sold them had not received final approval, and at any time, if such approval was not forthcoming, was put in the position of buying back all the bonds sold in that State at the price originally offered."

I quote this story because it is interesting in itself, and because it serves well to introduce the general subject of "blue sky" legislation.

Regulation of the issuance and sale of securities has, apparently, come to stay. The broad theory back of it is that the public requires some degree of protection against crooked or ill-considered financing. Mr. Wendell, in the report just quoted, says that the original basis of this legislation was similar to statutes drawn to prevent the sale of cattle with the hoof and mouth disease, and "it was thought that a simple prohibitive statute might be drawn to bar the sale of diseased securities." Such a law was enacted in Kansas and was the original blue sky law in the country. Tested in the courts, it was finally declared unconstitutional. Later it was modified, and the modified form passed the scrutiny of the Supreme Court of the United States and was copied in other States.

From that time to the present day blue sky laws have become acknowledged policy, and the question which concerns the investment banker, the investor, and the administrators of these laws is how best they can be made to serve the object in view.

Some of the public have gathered the impression from reports in the newspapers that "Wall Street" is opposed to any restrictions on financing. If by "Wall Street" is meant the investment bankers, this is very far from the truth. Probably Wall Street suffers as much from diseased securities as do those who purchase them, though in a different manner. The investment men of this country know that it is to their own interests to have the best and the most practicable legislation to restrict wild financing. The sole problem to-day is the problem of operation.

In a recent page of this department we

Protection for the Investor

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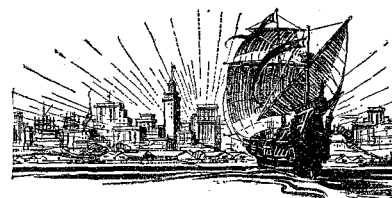
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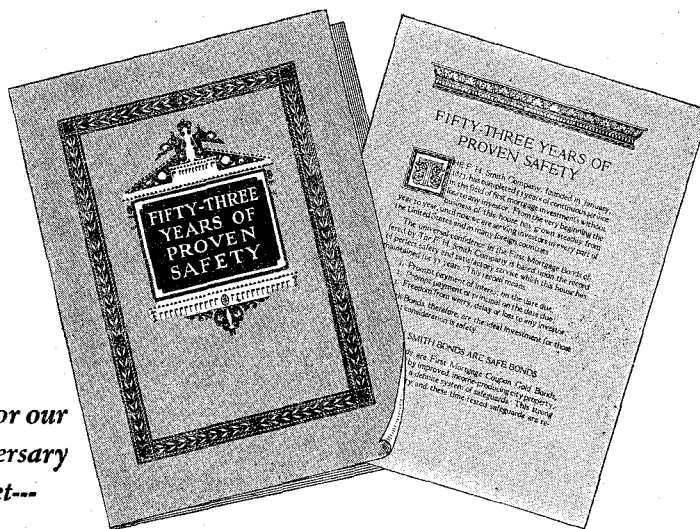
sketched briefly the machinery by which securities are "merchandised." By means of this machinery it is possible for immense municipal and industrial loans to be sold to the public at very much less cost than would otherwise be necessary. But long before the issue is ready for the public the investment banker has invested much time and money in research. "For his own protection," says Mr. Wendell, "he employs experts in accounting, law, and engineering, or whatever professional fields are necessary, as well as investigating the business ability and moral responsibility of the management before he finally offers the issue to the public." Quite naturally, the investment banker does not welcome with open arms the task of proving his case all over again to a State official bureau, as often as not composed of men who have had little technical training in the detail or in the principles involved.

In addition to blue sky laws there is another series of laws which go on the theory that the man who sells the security should be regulated, or, more specifically, registered. In 1921 the State of Maine passed such a law; the older investment States along the Atlantic followed suit. The present position is that the Investment Bankers Association has drawn a model bill which combines dealer registration with the supervision of securities. Indiana, Minnesota, West Virginia, and Utah have fallen in line with statutes of this type.

We have already referred to the vital question of administration. The enactment of a law, we are gradually learning to our sorrow, is but the beginning of the reform which the law is designed to make. The chief grievance which most of us have against government is its apparently inevitable tendency toward hampering and hindering, toward being run by untrained men who frequently, in their desire to be right, are merely stupid. For the next few years, therefore, there must be a drawing together in mutual understanding of the investment bankers and the administrators of blue sky laws. It is essential to the welfare of the country that capital should be made available for industry with as little restraint as possible upon the issuance of legitimate securities. Yet it is equally essential, since there must be restraint, that this restraint shall be effective, and hence intelligent.

It must be remembered that one phase of the blue sky work is to prevent unwise financing as well as crooked financing. In this department of its activities the blue sky commission is bound to tread on tender toes and to get itself well disliked for its trouble. Mr. Wendell

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*The Largest Trust Company in the South Atlantic States
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CAPITAL & SURPLUS
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Read the

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING SECTION

cites the case of an eminent professor of geology, "thoroughly honest, but absolutely without knowledge of finance," whose feelings were deeply hurt because the commissioner refused to let him have the requested license for the promotion of a certain enterprise. The enterprise was apparently doomed to failure and to the loss of the funds of the professor's friends. Assuming that the commissioner was correct in his judgment, his refusal was for the public good. But assume, on the other hand, that he might have erred—how dangerous his power!

The regulation of securities is not as new a thing as some would have us think. The public utilities have long benefited—or suffered—under regulation of this kind by State commissions. But we have the feeling that in the long run the battle against the evil which this movement is combating will eventually be won by the education of the individual and of the masses through newspapers, magazines, and books, supplemented now and then by bitter personal experience. For, no matter how admirably written or excellently administered are the blue sky laws, enough that is fraudulent will escape into the open to make it necessary for all of us, always, to be on the watch when we part with our money in return for a piece of paper called a stock or a bond.

From Inquiring Readers

A shareholder in the old L. R. Steel Company, now being reorganized, has asked our advice about his stock. This concern went through receivers' hands and is now attempting to "come back." Irrespective of the past record of this stock, present facts do not stamp it as an investment. The market is narrow, if not non-existent, and the net earnings in 1924, namely, \$17,000, were very small for a company of the size of the reorganized corporation.

To take the profit or not to take it, that is the question—which is pressing on many an investor. We wrote an inquirer the other day:

"If you can afford to wait and would like to see your property appreciate in yield, you would not be making a mistake in holding Bankers Trust, General Electric, or Electric Bond and Share Securities Company. It has been shown in several careful studies that in the ordinary ten-year period the low-yield stocks, so called, yield more than the stocks that were high-yield at the beginning of the period. This is not a law of nature, but it seems to us a reasonable tendency."

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By the Way

IT has been reported that Michael Arlen is to marry Pola Negri. When Arlen was asked about it recently, he replied, "I know Miss Negri, but I am not on marrying terms with her."

Night clubs and "speakeasies" have become so plentiful in New York that a trade paper is being published twice a week for them. It is called "The Rapper." . . . These "speakeasies" are usually located in office buildings, with an outer guard and a ferocious bulldog for protection. . . . In order to increase their volume of business, they now warn their customers that, inasmuch as they expect a raid any minute, the liquor must be consumed immediately. By this method they hurry up business and stimulate quick buying. . . . As soon as a "speakeasy" is padlocked by the law, the proprietor immediately receives scores of letters from real estate agents mentioning "choice locations."

The London "Humorist" tells the sad tale of "Poor ole Bill," who is working himself to death because he is so short-sighted that "he can't see when the boss ain't looking, so 'e 'as to keep on shoveling all the time."

News items of the week: The police of Evanston, Illinois, were called out to arrest a drunken man who was exclaiming on a street corner to a large number of women, "The crime situation in Chicago is highly exaggerated. Why there are some people there who haven't even been shot at!" . . . Corset dealers in Seattle report sales of from sixty to seventy corsets a month to fat men. . . . On his way to evangelical meetings in Binghamton, New York, Billy Sunday stopped off at Elmira, New York, and took a hand in the fight there against Sunday films. Binghamton then decided to postpone its plea for Sunday movies until after his local revival. . . . A Boston millionaire willed \$1,000 to his son's prospective bride, to be used for her education as a cook. . . . The Charleston dance is being taught in the Horace Mann School, New York, and in the Y. W. C. A. classes for business girls in Chicago. . . . The managing editor of Funk & Wagnall's dictionary states that present-day professional men have a larger vocabulary than Shakespeare had.

Mother: "Which apple do you want, Junior?" Junior: "The biggest one." Mother: "Why, Junior! You should be polite and take the little one." Junior: "Well, mamma, should I lie just to be polite?"

Radio equipment constituted twelve per cent of this country's entire electrical exports for 1925. The total value of radio exports approximated ten million dollars. This is more than double the amount exported in 1924.

Mrs. Gerson, a New York confectioner, gained a lot of business and free advertising when she placarded her windows with offers of "free bromo-seltzers for New Year's eve headaches."

When jealousy comes in through the door, philosophy flies out through the window.

The "New Yorker" thinks the French national anthem should be—

We cannot pay our foreign debt,
So we shall change our Cabinet.

The marriage of Irving Berlin to Ellin Mackay has so stimulated interest in that everlasting play "Abie's Irish Rose" that companies are now being sent through New England and Pennsylvania to play under circus tents. Inasmuch as the play concerns the marriage of a Jewish boy and a Catholic girl, it received much publicity from the similar marriage of the Jewish jazz king and a Catholic heiress. Mr. and Mrs. Berlin sailed to London to escape publicity, but the British papers are carrying front-page stories concerning the couple and the reporters are swarming around at their every move. One of the New York tabloid newspapers sent a reporter abroad with them to furnish the readers with daily bulletins. Two hours after the marriage was announced in New York, a rival music concern had composed a song—"When a Kid Who Came from the East Side Found a Sweet Society Rose." This firm is reported to have made many thousands on the sales stimulated by the enormous publicity given to the Berlins all through this country.

The "Hoosier Motorist" says that if you punctuate this it will not sound so crazy. Try it.

A funny little man told this to me
I fell in a snowdrift in June said he
I went to a ball game out in the sea
I saw a jellyfish float up in a tree
I found some gum in a cup of tea
I stirred my milk with a big brass key
I opened my door on my bended knee
I beg your pardon for this said he
But 'tis true when told as it ought to be

'Tis a puzzle in punctuation you see.

Answer to last week's puzzle: "Cur-tail."



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MARCH MUSICALES
EVERY SATURDAY EVENING
February 27th to March 27th
FOURTH YEAR
Levitzi—Sparkes—Dadmun
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Peterson—Kindler—Davis
Giannini—Steschenko—Salzedo
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CHALFONTE-HADDON HALL
ATLANTIC CITY
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YOUNG American, widely traveled, speaking French, desires position requiring good education and trustworthiness. Highest references. 6,643, Outlook.

MISCELLANEOUS

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